THE

# SPORTING MAGAZINE:

OR,

## MONTHLY CALENDAR

Of the Tranſactions of the TURF, the CHASE, and every other Diverſion intereſting to the Man of Pleaſure, Enterprize and Spirit,

### For JANUARY, 1797.

CONTAINING


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ORNAMENTED WITH

A beautiful deſcriptive Engraving of WILLIAM TELL Shooting the Apple from his Son's Head; and an Etching of SNIPE SHOOTING.


LONDON:

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And Sold by J. WHEBLE, No. 18, Warwick-ſquare, Warwick-lane, near St. Paul's; John Hilton, at Newmarket; and by every Bookſeller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

# TO THE READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

WE thank *Rosolio* for his Compliment to our Exertions, and assure him we do not mean to decline giving Portraits of celebrated Racers; our Promise in the last Number was not to that Effect; it went only to inform the Subscribers "that it was our intention in future to display the Artists' abilities in a greater variety of Sporting Subjects than has hitherto ever been produced;" which certainly does not imply the future non-admission of the Portraitures of Horses, as apprehended by this Correspondent.—If *Rosolio* can with convenience, procure the Drawing of *Hermione*, alluded to in his Letter, we shall with pleasure give an Engraving from it.

*Tom Turf* has a Place this Month.

We have in the present Number complied with the Request of J. A——n, by inserting his Account of the remarkable *Wedding* at *Techenham*.

To the Correspondent who favoured us with his Observations on the Sex of Birds, we return our hearty Thanks. To this Article we have given prompt Insertion.

On the *Effusions of the Moment* we cannot for a *Moment* hesitate to pronounce a Verdict; in justice to the Writer, it must certainly be considered an Act of Charity, if we consign them to *eternal Oblivion*.

Many of our Subscribers whose admissible Communications were eceived in due time, have been attended to; several others there are, which must unavoidably stand over till next Month.

THE

# Sporting Magazine

For JANUARY, 1797.

## New Jockey Club.

### No. X.

### THE
### *Rt. Hon.* William Windham.

MR. WINDHAM is repreſentative for the city of Norwich, Secretary at War, and a Member of the Privy Council. His *debut* in parliament was made under the political banners of Mr. Fox, for whom he repeatedly profeſſed the moſt unbounded regard, and under his auſpices he became a member of the *Whig Club*, when in conjunction with Mr. Burke, he vociferated againſt Mr. Pitt, with a peculiar degree of acrimony, and he carried his reſentment againſt that gentleman ſo very far, even in the Houſe of Commons, that it has been thought, the intereſts of liberality and good manners were not ſtrengthened by thoſe embittered arguments; yet it has ſo occurred that he has ſince that period been wiſer, as both Mr. Burke and himſelf have read publicly their political recantation, and each has furniſhed an inſtance of the mutability of human opinions.

This gentleman appears to us as one of thoſe extraordinary characters who would have been more eſtimable as a public ſpeaker, if his attainments had been leſs diverſified — he toils to be thought as poſſeſſing the powers of ambiguity, while the overwrought exertion is detrimental to the preſumed ends of his reaſoning: he covers his declamation with the flimſy cobweb of metaphyſics; the tex e of which is too confuſed to be aſcertained, and too adheſive to be done away —he is altogether one of the moſt unfortunate orators that ever declaimed in a ſenate, as he not unfrequently gives force to the opinions of thoſe whom he profeſſes to oppoſe, and when he wiſhes to be moſt logical and ſubtle, is ſometimes ſo unhappy as not to be completely underſtood.

It has been aſſerted, that when he came into power, he evinced a determination to take a very active part on the treaſury bench, and rival the powers of the *Chancellor of the Exchequer*, but his ability was not correſpondent with his ambition—he is deficient in all that ſkill and intellectual arrangement which goes to connect what it is neceſſary or expedient to advance with the moſt vulnerable points in his adverſary. He is unwittingly irrelevant and hypothetically deluſive, while he ſtruggles to prove the quadrature of a circle he is not much envied by either his adherents or his enemies.

When Mr. Windham was Secretary to the Viceroy in Ireland, he did not, as a man of buſineſs, exhibit much addreſs: though the *management* of the Houſe of Commons, in that nation, is carried on with leſs trouble than any other ſimilar eſtabliſhment ever was; inſomuch as the claimants upon the *good things* of the government are more hungry and immediate in their demands than any that precedent can bring forward; yet in deſpite of this facility, he was not be-

lieved to be altogether equal to the endeavour; he did not continue until the death of the administration of that period, but resigned the trust, and returned to his native country, unattended by the regret of the Irish, and not congratulated on his arrival in Britain, by those to whom he had been indebted for the important trust!

As an orator, Mr. WINDHAM is not to be exceedingly admired, and he is assuredly one of the most inauspicious adherents that ever attempted to sustain a minister, in these multifarious curvettings of power, and miscalculations upon human events which are more or less attached to the situation; and this his insufficiency, arises less from his want of information, than from the querulousness of his disposition and imflammatory organization, which sometimes throws him off his guard, and impels him to make declarations and offer opinions, which are either detrimental to his own character, as a discreet man, or injurious to the cause which he is too eager to establish. When men are thus actuated, it cannot appear as surprising, if they are eventually compelled to recede from their own confessions, and explain away the spirit of an error, whose letter was too broad to be wholly removed. His enemies go so far as to assert, that he never ventures to defend the measures of the cabinet, without being in some degree discomfited by the attempt, and never displays his erudition without rendering learning contemptible.

It is generally supposed, that Mr. WINDHAM has been greatly influenced by Mr. BURKE, in the desertion of Mr. Fox and what is termed the Whig Party; and this supposition is in some sort justified, by the known intimacy of these gentlemen. When Mr. Burke wrote his *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs*, he had resolved, it is presumed, to sign an open renunciation of the most prominent professions of a long political life; and it cannot be denied, but he was so ungenerous, or at least appeared so, as to wish to implicate the dishonor of his former friends, by turning approver to fully their past deeds, and because he thought it convenient to shift his particular principle of action, he seemed determined to wound those, who could think without a *nurse*, and be loyal without a *bribe*; yet this mean effort has been arranged but as the time-serving reveries of an old man, who wanted to make his cunning pass current for his *virtue*!

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## EXTRA SPORTING.

SWAFFHAM COURSING SOCIETY.

THE Secretary of the Swaffham Coursing Society has issued a notice, that on account of the very precarious state of the weather, and there being no matches made for February, no Meeting will be held in consequence at that time; but that as great part of the arrears due to the society, are now paid into the hands of the Treasurer, the ORFORD CUP will be produced and run for at Swaffham at the usual time in November next.

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## JOURNAL OF THE CHACE.

ROYAL SPORT.

NOtwithstanding the peculiar penetration and positive assurances of some particular diurnal

nal prints, whose paragraphic fertility seems admirably adapted to the credulous curiosity of coffee-room sportsmen, and who have so confidently hunted his Majesty at Taplow, Ashford Common, &c. during the frost, we, piqueing ourselves upon the purity of communication, (which we are enabled to derive from ocular demonstration, and accurate representation,) venture to affirm, those reports were the effusions of fiction, and that his Majesty did not hunt from the 16th of December to Saturday the 31st, when a Windsor Park deer, was turned out at Ascot Heath, and taken at Sandhurst, after an excellent, but short run, of only an hour and an half.

January 2, his Majesty enjoyed a long day with his harriers and a large party, in the Great Park, where the ground was good, and the sport excellent, but not replete with sufficient variety for a repetition to entertain our readers. It must suffice to say, that his Majesty was kindly attentive to his sporting friends in his remembrances of the new year and its customary compliments.

It is with great pleasure we state, as an incontrovertible demonstration of his Majesty's good health and constitutional stamina, that on Tuesday (the following morning) his Majesty arrived at New Lodge before eleven, when the deer was instantly turned out, and went away boldly over the commons to Brick Bridge, when being unluckily headed, he returned in almost a direct line through Fifield, to the Thames at Surley Hall, where he was taken, after a very indifferent run of little more than an hour.

On Saturday, January 7, a stag was turned out before his Majesty's hounds at Lord Chesterfield's, Salt Hill; after making a short head, he crossed the Thames at Clewer, and going by St. Leonard's Hill, Winkfield Plain, and Ascot race ground, he made for Swinley, where (after a capital burst of an hour and an half) he was taken.

Saturday, the 14th, his Majesty, attended by his equerries, arrived at New Lodge, precisely at half past ten, when the stag was instantly turned out, and the hounds laid on with *five minutes* law. Whether the deer took umbrage at what he might conceive a want of patience in his pursuers, or considered it too pusillanimous to exert himself till he was pressed, he disdained an early flight, and at the end of the first two miles he waited in the middle of Fifield Green, till the hounds came up to him, and went away with them close at his haunches, in a direct line to General Hudson's, the horses for the first half mile knee deep in clay, which threw the bulk of *slow-going gentry* out of one of the best bursts ever seen, for twenty minutes, through the enclosures of Folijambe Park, during which *four only* of the fastest horses in the field, were any where *within view* of the hounds; when which were headed and stopped, the coming in of the *cavalcade* exceeded a quarter of an hour before they were again let loose. When covering Winkfield Plain, he left Cranbourn to the left, skirted Sunning Hill, leaped the Great Park paling, where passing through the herds of deer, it created some checks and cold hunting, but rattling him through Old Windsor Wood, they there brought him *to view*, and continued it with his Majesty close up enjoying it in great spirits for two miles over the beautiful

beautiful Lawn before the Lodge, when reaching and going *again* through the wood, he re-leaped the paling, and paſſing through the encloſures of Old Windſor, croſſed the Thames into the boggy ſwamps of Horton and Wryadſbury, near which he was taken; after a run of three hours and a half; during the latter part of the time, the company was conſiderably thinned by the great depth of the country.

MISCELLANEOUS SPORT.

On Monday, January 2, a deer was turned out before Lord Derby's hounds at the Oaks, to which he returned, after a burſt of a few miles over the Downs; when letting the hounds go up to him, he broke away through the encloſures, and was taken, after an excellent run of two hours, in a garden at Wimbledon Common, but not before he had paid his *compliments of the ſeaſon* to the family, by an abrupt entrance at one parlour window, and a haſty exit at the other.

On Thurſday, the 5th, Sir Henry Gott, Bart. entertained the neighbouring gentlemen with courſing fallow deer at his Park, in Buckinghamſhire, when a brace and half of does were pulled down, after ſome ſevere courſes, during one of which, the game and greyhounds were totally loſt to the purſuers, (who were well mounted,) though the Park is only four or five miles in circumference.

On Tueſday, the 10th, a remarkable chace was run by Captain Travers's beagles. A fox being found lying in a pit, by the huntſman, near Winterborne Abbas, four miles from Dorcheſter, and turned out before them, they ran him through the pariſhes of Little Brady, Kingſton, Ruſſell, Longbredy, Litton, Chainey, Aſkerſwell, Loden, Powerſtock, Nedlecomb, and Milton, and killed in the neighbourhood of Beaminſter: all this was done without a check, which is great work for dogs of this ſort, that never ran a fox before.—After the chace, the party ſpent the evening with great jollity, at Kingſton Houſe, belonging to the Duke of Bedford, and concluded their feſtivity in the original fox-hunting ſtyle, with a bowl of punch, having Reynard's head ſwimming round in it. This fox-hunting nectar was drank by both ladies and gentlemen, during the ſinging of many good and appropriate ſongs.

The Epping Foreſt ſtag hounds, though ſeldom noticed, are in the higheſt condition; on the 17th of January, they unharboured at Ongar-park, from whence the deer, after making a circle round ſeveral of the adjacent pariſhes, took away into Cambridgeſhire, and after three hours hard running without a ſingle check, was taken twenty miles from cover. Several gentlemen of the firſt conſequence in the city, were in at the death. The old favourite huntſman who has been in the ſervice forty years, bore teſtimony to the whole of this day's ſport.

The Duke of Bedford and his ſuite of hunting friends, are down at Wooburn, enjoying the pleaſures of the chace.

Saturday, Jan. 21, a brace of greyhounds, belonging to Mr. Nicholas Tourds, chaced a hare over the brink of the chalk-pit at Offham, in Suſſex, at the bottom of which poor puſs and her fleet purſuers were found all laying dead together!

BOARD-

## Boarding Schools.

*To the* Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine,

Gentlemen,

IT is very remarkable, that although these seminaries are so increased in number around the metropolis, the general complaint of *parents* is, that they are most at a loss where to find a *good one*.

My wife has lately been making the tour of the boarding-schools, in order to find out, what she calls, a proper place for our Jacky and Tommy; but with so little success, that I am afraid we shall fare like the gentleman whom Dr. Johnson reproved because he hesitated so long between a public and a private school: "You are like a man who hesitates which leg he shall put first into his breeches; without considering that in the mean time his *breech* is bare!"

Now, Gentlemen, you shall hear madam's objections to the various schools that have been recommended, in alphabetical order.

A's school has too few scholars, and it is impossible he can be a good master.

B's is too numerous, and therefore he cannot pay proper attention to them.

C. has a very good school, but I don't know any body who was ever there.

D. has as good a school, but there are too many of our neighbour's children with him.

E. has a great reputation, but his terms are so high, we can't afford them.

F. charges so little, that he cannot afford to keep his scholars properly.

G. is employed about so many things, that he trusts all to his ushers.

H. does every thing himself, because he can't afford to keep ushers.

I. is reckoned a very learned man, but his house seems dirty.

K. has a very nice house, but I am told he is an ignoramus.

L. has a very good school, but too near town.

M. has a very good school also, but too far into the country.

N's is at a moderate distance, but lies too low.

O's is quite the thing as to distance, but lies too high.

P's is on the high road, and as bad as living in a street.

Q's is so far off the road, there is no getting a coach.

R. is a very civil kind of man, but he trusts boys to the servants.

S. is a very polite gentleman, but his wife, I am sure, knows nothing about cleanliness.

T. allows the boys no holidays at all, which is quite shocking.

U. has so many holidays, that the boys can have no time to learn.

V. has none but Irishmen for his ushers.

W. has none but Scotchmen for his ushers.

X's school is better for teaching than feeding.

Y. I am told, thinks he does all, if he keeps the boys in good looks.

And Z. may be very well, but one don't know any thing of him.

After having finished this list, you may perceive we could go no farther, when luckily a friend of ours recommended *Et-per-se And's* academy, as possessing most of the good, and fewest of the bad qualities my dame discovered in the others. Should that not prove successful, I am afraid, as Dr. Johnson says, "the breech must continue bare."

Old Scrupulous.

*For the* Sporting Magazine.

## A SINGULAR CHALLENGE.

*A Letter from Sir* William Herbert, *of St. Julian's, in Monmouthshire, father-in-law to the famous Lord* Herbert, *of Cherbury, to a gentleman of the name of* Morgan, *in the same county.*

N. B. The original in the British Museum.

" Sir,

" PERUSE this letter in God's name. Be not disquieted. I reverence your hoary hair. Although in your son I find too much folly and lewdness, yet in you I expect gravity and wisdom.

" It had pleased your son, late, at Bristol, to deliver a challenge to a man of mine, on the behalf of a gentleman (as he said) as good as myself: who he was, he named not, neither do I know; but if he be as good as myself, it must either be for virtue, for birth, for ability, or for calling and dignity. For virtue I think he meant not, for it is a thing which exceeds his judgment; if for birth, he must be the heir male of an earl, the heir in blood of ten earls, for, in testimony thereof, I bear their several coats. Besides, he must be of the blood royal, for by my grandmother Devereux, I am lineally and legitimately descended out of the body of Edward the Fourth. If for ability, he must have a thousand pounds a year in possession, a thousand pounds more in expectation, and must have some thousands in substance besides. If for calling and dignity, he must be a knight, a lord of several seigniories, in several kingdoms, a lieutenant of his county, and a counsellor of a province.

" Now to lay all circumstances aside, be it known to your son, or to any man else, That if there be any one who beareth the name of a gentleman, and whose words are of reputation in his country, that doth say, or dare say, that I have done unjustly, spoken an untruth, stained my credit and reputation in this matter, or in any matter else, wherein your son is exasperated, I say he lieth in his throat, and my sword shall maintain my word upon him, in any place or province wheresoever he dare, and where I stand not sworn to observe the peace. But if they be such as are within my governance, and over whom I have authority, I will, for their reformation, chastise them with justice, and for their malapert misdemeanour, bind them to their good behaviour. Of this sort I account your son, and his like; against whom I will shortly issue my warrant, if this my warning doth not reform them. And so I thought fit to advertise you hereof, and leave you to God.

" I am, &c.

" Wm. Herbert."

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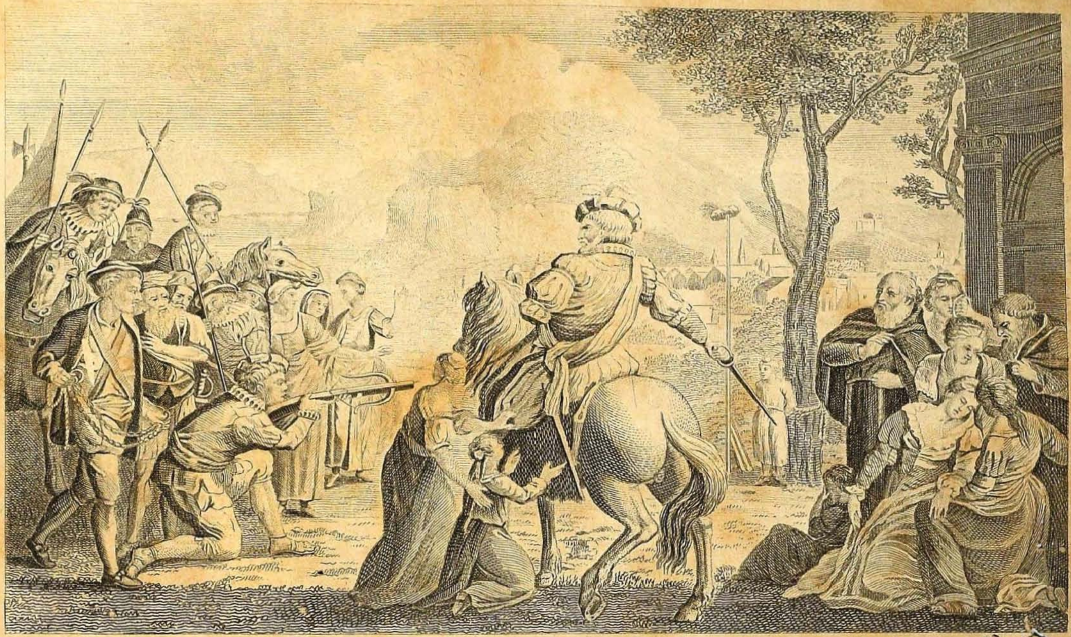
## William Tell.

IN the First Number of the Sporting Magazine, page 35, was given an interesting extract from the well known opera of William Tell, and which the present elegant engraving is intended to illustrate. This great Swiss deliverer is here represented in the act of shooting the apple from his son's head. The expression so forcibly depicted in the countenance of every person present on this eventful occasion, is particularly worthy of admiration.—For a further explanation of this plate, we refer our readers to the extract above mentioned.

*A* Trea-



William Tell Shooting the Apple from his Sons head.

*A* TREATISE *on* FARRIERY, *with* ANATOMICAL PLATES.

*(Continued from page 120.)*

IN general, the milk and French bole, recommended before, is an excellent remedy; but it muſt not be mixed with japan earth, as Dr. Bracken adviſes, for it will have very fatal conſequences by ſtopping the flux too ſuddenly; and then the grumes will be locked up in the veſſels, whence will proceed inflammations, ulcers, and putrefactions. But if the quantity is great, he may have an ounce of compound powder of crabs' claws, and an ounce of ſcaled earth, in a pint or two of new milk, inſtead of the bole.

When the horſe is full of blood and humours, it will be proper to bleed, let the cauſe be what it will. Then give him a pint of the following drink three times a day:

Take, of ground ivy and plantain, of each an ounce; of ſpring water, three quarts; boil them to two, and ſtrain off the liquor; then add, of ſaltpetre, and the compound powder of crabs' claws, of each an ounce: ſhake the veſſel every time it is uſed.

This drink is particularly uſeful when any part of the urinary paſſages are inflamed, and may be given inſtead of that with balſam of capivi; when that cannot ſo readily be had, it may be repeated in two hours time when the horſe is not relieved. Two or three drenches will in a great meaſure remove the diſorder, when adminiſtered in time, and may poſſibly prevent the eroſions of the veſſels, and conſequently the piſſing of blood.

The following ball has been recommended, as a general remedy for the piſſing of blood:

Take conſerve of red roſes, and Locatelli's balſam, of each ſix drams; of ſpermaceti, half an ounce; of ſal prunella and Iriſh ſlate, of each two drams; of ſyrup of wild poppies, enough to make them into a ball.

The intention of this ball is much the ſame as the medicines recommended before, but is not ſo proper when the diſtemper is recent, as when it has continued ſome time; that is, when the parts have been corroded by the acrimony of the humours.

OF A DIABETES, OR PROFUSE STALING.

A DIABETES is a piſſing of crude urine, and greater in quantity than the water that is drank. This generally proceeds from a laxity of the kidneys.

When a horſe has this diſeaſe, he loſes both his fleſh and appetite, becomes weak, with a ſtaring of the hair and a ſticking out of the bones; his eyes look weak and watery, and he decays gradually, till at length he is unfit for any manner of buſineſs. There are ſome young horſes who ſeem to piſs immoderately when they are firſt backed, but as they only bepiſs themſelves through fear, no other remedy is required but gentle uſage.

Without proper management this is a dangerous diſeaſe. The cure muſt be begun by proper diet, that is, dry meat, a moderate quantity of water given by little at a time. Then the horſe ſhould have ſuch aſtringents as ſtrengthen the kidneys, not medicines that Gibſon preſcribes, that are only fit to ſtop a looſeneſs. But leaſt this blame ſhould ſeem to reſt on him without a cauſe, it will be neceſſary to inſert his preſcriptions:

Take, of conserve of red roses, two ounces; of Locatelli's balsam, an ounce; of japan earth in fine powder, and spermaceti, of each two drams; of diascordium, half an ounce: make them into two balls with a sufficient quantity of starch, and roll them in liquorice powder.

One of these balls are recommended in the morning, and the other in the afternoon, between his feeds, with four hornfuls of the following decoction after each:

Take jesuits bark bruised, four ounces; of bistort and tormentil roots, of each two ounces; of gum arabic, three ounces; of red roses dried, an ounce: boil them in two gallons of lime-water to one, and when the decoction is cold, dissolve in it an ounce of diascordium.

The first of these prescriptions will render a horse costive, and consequently will increase the quantity of urine; for the drier the dung is, the more he will piss, because the water must come away by one outlet or other. The second prescription in general is the same, and must have the same effects. As for the gum arabic, it has a tendency to relax the kidneys, rather than strengthen them; however, there are two good medicines in it, that might have been serviceable, if not clogged with ingredients which serve for another intention. The bark is an universal strengthener, and the lime-water will act directly on the kidneys, and brace up the relaxed fibres. There is another medicine also for horses of small value, which is worse than the former, because it is more astringent:

Take, of pomegranate bark, four ounces; of balustines, two ounces; bistort and tormentil root, of each three ounces: boil these in two gallons of water to one, and give three or four hornfuls after each ball.

The best medicines in this disease, are those which strengthen the kidneys without binding the body:

Take of the Peruvian bark, an ounce and a half; of roch allum, half an ounce: make them into a ball with common treacle; they should be taken morning and night, and washed down with three or four horns of the following decoction:

Take, of the shavings of sassafras, a pound; of water, two gallons; boil them to one, and then pour off the liquor for use.

If these should fail, as they seldom will, then

Take, of cow's milk, a quart; of roch-allum, half an onnce; boil them together till the milk turns, and separate the curd from the whey. This quantity of whey will serve for a day, and may be given him at three times.

A quart or two of smith's forge water is a great strengthener of the kidneys, and may be given with or without his other remedies.

## OF SURFEITS, HIDEBOUND HORSES, AND THE MANGE.

Surfeits in horses have no manner of relation to those in men; for the former have their origin from disorders of the blood, while the seat of the latter is in the stomach, and may be easily removed by evacuations.

Surfeits may be owing to different causes; but as the cure must be directed by the symptoms, it is not worth while to spend any time to search after them.

A horse is said to be surfeited when he has a dirty look, though no

no pains have been ſpared to keep him clean. He has a ruſty appearance, with a ſtaring coat, and the ſkin is often full of ſcabs and dander, which when rubbed off return again. Some have ſmall bumps, like beans and peas, while they are in the ſtable, which diſappear when they are turned out to graſs. Others have ſcabs all over, which are ſometimes dry and ſometimes moiſt, with heat and inflammation, and ſuch violent itching, that they rub themſelves raw in many places. Some have no eruptions at all, but are dull, ſluggiſh, and lazy, with an unwholeſome look; others are lean and hidebound, while others again have a ſort of lameneſs, with pains which ſeem to ſhift from one part to another, like the flying gout.

With regard to the prognoſtics, when ſurfeits are not taken in time, they are hard to cure, becauſe they have taken deep root in the blood and humours. But when freſh, the cure is generally pretty eaſy. When the horſe has a rough coat, and hidebound at the ſame time, he will be cured with difficulty. When there are dry ſcabs or ſcales that peel off, it reſembles the leproſy of human bodies, and the diſeaſe will bid defiance to remedies for a long time; but when the horſe has eruptions attended with hot, itching matter, and fret off the hair, it may be managed pretty eaſily, unleſs it returns at certain ſeaſons of the year. When a horſe has long had this diſeaſe, and loſes his appetite, is thick winded, and coughs often, and blows and heaves when he is ridden, the caſe is deſperate. In winter many horſes have a rough, ſtaring, or downy coat: but this ſhould not be miſtaken for a ſurfeit, for this coat ſeems only to be provided by nature as a defence againſt the cold.

Thoſe horſes are ſaid to have a *dry ſurfeit*, when there is no moiſture of the ſkin attending the eruptions, or even when he has the other ſigns without any eruptions at all. However, the bumps or lumps in the ſkin are not properly called a ſurfeit, and they may be cured by bleeding, and an opening diet, without any thing elſe.

In the cure he ſhould have a laxative purge once a week, for three or four times:

Take, of ſuccotrine aloes, an ounce; gum guaiacum and Epſom ſalt, of each half an ounce; of diaphoretic antimony, two drams: make them into a ball with honey, and roll it in liquorice powder.

Take gum guaiacum, and cinnabar of antimony, of each eight ounces; of flower of brimſtone, ſix ounces: make theſe into a fine powder, and give him an ounce in his morning and evening feeds, on thoſe days on which purging is omitted. Likewiſe,

Take, of raſpings of the wood of gũaiacum, three ounces; of ſpring water, a gallon; boil them in a gallon of water to three quarts; then put in an ounce of the raſpings of ſaſſafras, and half an ounce of ſliced liquorice. Strain off the liquor, and let it ſettle. The horſe muſt have a quart of this decoction every day when he takes the powders.

After ſome days from his beginning to take the powder, if the ſcabs don't come off, you may rub the weaker mercurial ointment of the ſhops over them, and may repeat it once in three days. This ointment will cure this diſeaſe alone, but then it is not ſo ſafe.

The *wet ſurfeit* proceeds from

 ſharp

ſharp humours, and appears with moiſt eruptions. Theſe eruptions appear all over the body, but principally on the neck, rump, and hips, with great heat and inflammation. Sometimes the neck or withers ſwell greatly in a night's time, and emits a large quantity of a briny humour, which, if care is not taken, will turn to the poll-evil or a fiſtula. Sometimes this humour falls on the limbs, and is hard to cure, without great care and trouble.

Sometimes the hair will peel off at the ſpring and fall, chiefly on the neck and face; but this happens ofteneſt in the ſpring, when horſes are ſhedding their winter coats. This is always owing to miſmanagement, or the undue adminiſtration of mercurials.

The *wet ſurfeit* may be cured with the ſame internals as the *dry*; but if you would have a purge that will work in twelve hours, you may diſſolve four ounces of the lenitive electuary, and the ſame quantity of Epſom ſalt, in a quart of warm gruel, and give it him in the morning faſting. But take notice there is no need of the mercurial ointment, nor any other external medicine. And as ſome are too apt to uſe repellents, all ſuch things ſhould be carefully avoided.

The diet ſhould be cool and opening, till the ſkin returns to its natural ſtate; ſuch as ſcalded bran or ſcalded barley, once a day; and if the horſe is hidebound, he ſhould have an ounce of fænugreek ſeeds every day in one of his feeds, for a month at leaſt.

*Hideboundneſs* in horſes is never an original diſeaſe, but only a ſymptom of ſome other diſorder, or from working them beyond their ſtrength. Sometimes this ſymptom ſucceeds fevers, ſurfeits or convulſions. When it is preceded by none of theſe, the fault lies inwardly in one of the bowels, and ſometimes is cauſed by worms, which laſt may be eaſily cured.

A horſe is ſaid to be hidebound when his ſkin adheres ſo cloſe to his ribs, that you would think it could not be moved. It ſhould be taken in time, before it becomes chronical, otherwiſe it will be hard to manage. Mercurials in this caſe, or where there are worms, are of ſingular ſervice; therefore you may give two drams of mercurius dulcis over night. Make it into a little ball with conſerve of roſes, and the next morning it may be carried off with the following purge:

Take, of ſuccotrine aloes, an ounce; of myrrh, half an ounce; of rhubarb, two drams; of the oil of ſavine, ſixty drops. Make them into a ball with ſolutive ſyrup of roſes.

Theſe may be repeated three times in three weeks, and afterwards give the cinnabar powders before directed. Horſes that are become hidebound for want of a ſufficient quantity of meat, ſhould not be ſuffered to feed largely all at once, but their allowance ſhould be increaſed by degrees; and when he comes to his fleſh, the diſorder will diſappear.

The *mange* is a cutaneous diſeaſe, which renders the ſkin thick, full of wrinkles, and of a tawny colour, which may be plainly ſeen through the little hair that remains, which ſtands up ſtrait. It appears chiefly about the loins, tail, and maw. The ears too are generally almoſt naked, but not raw, as in the hot ſurfeits, as well as their eyes and eyebrows.

*(To be continued.)*

For

*For the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

AS true sportsmen we profess ourselves to be equally friends to the chace and the fair-sex; it cannot therefore be considered as derogatory to our dignity if we exhibit the following specimen of a *reasonable woman* in the past age; it is not our belief that such a character *can* exist in the present; it is contained in a letter taken from the Harleian collection of MSS. No. 7033, fol. 105.

*Lady* COMPTON *to her* HUSBAND.

"My sweet life,

NOW I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I supposed that it were best for me to bethink and consider within myself, what allowance were meetest for me; for considering what care I ever had of your estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those which both by the laws of God, of nature, and civil policy, wit, religion, government, and honesty, you, my dear, are bound to do; I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of 2600l. quarterly to be paid. Also I would besides that allowance, have 600l. quarterly to be paid for the performance of charitable works; and those things *I would not*, neither *will be*, accountable for. Also *I will have* three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other let. Also, believe it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumpin[illegible] alone, when God has blessed the[illegible] lord and lady with a great estate. Also when I ride a hunting, or a hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending so, for either of those said women *I must and will have* for either of them a horse. Also I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses, and a coach for my women, lined with cloth, and laced with gold; the other with scarlet, and laced with silver with four good horses. Also I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only *carriages*, and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all, orderly not pestering my things with my women's, nor theirs with either chambermaid's, nor theirs with washmaids. Also for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages to see all safe. And the chambermaids I will have go before that the chamber may be ready, sweet, and clean. Also, for that it is undecent to crowd myself up with my gentleman usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is, that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones. Also I would have to put in my purse 2000l. and 200l. and so you *to pay my debts*. Also, I would have 6000l. to buy me jewels,

jewels, and 4000l. to buy me a pearl chain. Now ſeeing I have been, and am ſo *reaſonable* unto you, I pray you do find my children apparel and their ſchooling, and all my ſervants, men and women their wages. Alſo, I will have my houſes furniſhed, and my lodging chambers to be ſuited with all ſuch furniture as is fit; as beds, ſtools, chairs, ſuitable cuſhions, carpets, ſilver warming pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and ſuch like. So for my drawing chamber in all houſes I will have them delicately furniſhed, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glaſs, carpet, chairs, cuſhion, and all things thereunto belonging. Alſo my deſire is, that you would *pay your debts*, build up Aſhby-houſe, and purchaſe lands, and lend no money, as you love God, to the Lord Chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life from you. Remember his ſon, my Lord Walden, what entertainment he gave me, when you were at Tilt-yard. If you were dead, he ſaid he would be a huſband, a father, a brother, and he ſaid he would marry me. I proteſt, I grieve to ſee the poor man have ſo little wit and honeſty to uſe his friends ſo vilely. Alſo he fed me with untruths concerning the Charter-houſe, but that is the leaſt; he wiſhed me much harm, you know how. God keep you and me from him, and any ſuch as he is. So now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what it is that I would not have, I pray when you be an Earl, to allow me 2000l. more than I now deſire, and double attendance.

Your loving wife,

ELIZA COMPTON.

INSTANCE *of the* SALUTARY EFFECTS *of the* JUICE *of* RIBWORTH, *or* RIBGRASS, *in* CANINE MADNESS.

A RECENT melancholy circumſtance has proved that the effect of this ſimple medicine is not confined to the canine race.

" A terrier near this place," (ſays a letter from Roſcrea, in Ireland, dated Dec. 19, 1796,) " which it was ſuppoſed had engendered madneſs, bit ſeveral animals, all of which became mad, together with ſeven perſons, ſix of whom, having ſome property, went immediately to the ſea, where four of them died of the diſeaſe, and the other two only returned for their friends to witneſs their terrible diſſolution. The ſeventh perſon, a very poor lame man, bathed with the juice, and applied a poultice of the bruiſed rib-graſs to the wound, till it healed; he likewiſe took a table ſpoonful of the juice, the quantity given to a dog, every morning and evening for a week; and now appears, and profeſſes to feel a confidence of perfect recovery."

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*To the* EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

PROBABLY the following may not be unacceptable in your Miſcellany.

Your's, &c.

*Jan.* 18, 1797. TOM TURF.

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*The Pedigree and Performances of* MOORCOCK *and* PRINCE CHARLES, *the property of Sitwell Sitwell, Eſq. M. P. of Reniſhaw Hall, Derbyſhire.*

MOORCOCK was got by Highflyer, out of Georgina, by Match-'em, her dam by Snap, Cullen Arabian,

Arabian, Grisewood's Lady, by Partner, &c.

At three years old, Moorcock won at Newmarket, the first time of his starting, a sweepstakes of 100gs each, five subscribers, beating Lord Grosvenor's Marianne, and Sir F. Standish's Paroquet.

The second and only time of his starting that year, was for the main of the five classes, where he was second to Bennington, seven more starting.

At four years old, he beat Lord Clermont's Paynator, D. I. fifty guineas.

At Stamford he won the town plate, beating Mr. Addy's Exton, and Mr. Golding's Vixen. The week following, he won the town plate at Grantham, beating Lord Darlington's St. George.

At Nottingham, no horse entering for the two plates, he received ten guineas for each.

In September, he won at Chesterfield the 50l. for all ages, beating Sir J. Leister's Fergulus, and Mr. Lockley's Diogenes.

In 1796, when five years old, he won the 50l. at Ludlow, beating Mr. Jurren's General, 5 to 4 against him. The week following he won the 50l. at Bridgenorth, beating Mr. Lockley's Queen Charlotte, Col. Chalton's Cropper, and Mr. Lloyd's b. m. Libra. The week following, he won the 50l. at Nantwich, beating Confederacy, 5 to 4 on Confederacy. From there he went to Chesterfield, where he won, at two heats, the town plate of 50l. Immediately after, to Lincoln, where he won the 70 guineas, beating Huby and Exton, 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Huby agst the field. From thence, he went to Doncaster, where he won a handicap of 25 guineas each, four subscribers, beating Governor, Huby, and Mr. Concannon's Zemire.

Prince Charles

Was got by Highflyer, out of Mopsqueezer, by Match'em, her dam Lady, by Sweepstakes, Syphon's dam, by Patriot, &c.

At three years old, he won, the first time of his starting, sixty-five guineas, R. M. beating Gas, Young Playfellow, Cub, Sir F. Standish's colt by Sir Peter, Shoveller, Whitemore, and Young Noble.

In Newmarket first spring meeting, he won the Fortescue stakes of thirty guineas each, 8st. 7lb. D. I. three subscribers, beating the Duke of Bedford's Cub.

In the second spring meeting, he beat Sir J. Shelley's Cub, 8st. each, Across the Flat, 500 guineas.

At four years old, York August meeting, he won the great produce stakes, carrying 8st. 7lb. 100 guineas each, twenty-five subscribers, beating the brother to Overton, 8st. 7lb. Diamond, 8st. 4lb. and Spread Eagle, 8st. 4lb. the rest pd.

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## Remarks *on* Swallows *on the* Rhine, *read before the* Royal Society.

"IN the latter end of March, I took my passage down the Rhine to Rotterdam: a little below Basil, the south bank of the river was very high and steep, of a sandy soil, sixty or eighty feet above the water. I was surprised at seeing, near the top of the clift, some boys tied with ropes, hanging down something: the singularity of these adventurous boys, and the business they so dangerously and daringly attempted, made us to stop our navigation, to enquire into the meaning of it. The

The waterman told us, they were ſearching the holes in the clift in queſt of ſwallows, or martins, which took refuge in them, and uſually lodged there in the cavities all the winter, until warm weather, and then they came abroad again. The boys let down by their comrades to the apertures, put a long ramrod into the holes, with a ſcrew at the extremity, as is uſually accuſtomed to unload or ſcower fowling-pieces, when, twiſting it about, drew out the birds. For a trifle, I purchaſed ſome of their game. When I had them at firſt, they ſeemed ſtiff and lifeleſs. I put one into my boſom between my ſkin and ſhirt, and laid another on a board, the ſun ſhining full and warm upon it. One or two of my companions did the like. That in my boſom revived in about half an hour; feeling it move, I took it out to look at it, and ſaw it ſtretch forth on my hand, but perceiving it not ſufficiently come to itſelf, I put it in again: in about a quarter of an hour more, feeling it flutter pretty briſkly, I took it out, and admired it. Being now perfectly recovered, before I was aware, it took its flight; the covering or awning of the boat prevented me from ſeeing the courſe it ſteered. The bird on the board, although expoſed to a full ſun, yet, I preſume from a chillneſs in the air, did not revive ſufficiently to fly, yet ſhewing evident marks of ruſuſcitation" B.

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*For the* Sporting Magazine.

## Spectacles *at* Paris.

THE following is a liſt of the reſpective places of public entertainments at Paris; the reputed performers, and moſt celebrated new pieces exhibited there:

Le Theatre des Arts, formerly the Opera, Rue de la Loi, formerly Richelieu, at the corner of the Rue de Louvais. The room is new. Concerts are performed at this place, and the principal ſinger is Rouſſeau.

L'Odeon, formerly the hall of the Theatre Francais, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, a ſpectacle projected by Dorfeuile, for the purpoſe of reviving with the utmoſt poſſible ſplendor, the ſtandard pieces of the old French ſtage.

Le Theatre de la Rue Feydeau, formerly les Buffons Italiens. The performances here are French comedy and opera, and concerts, at which Garatt and Madam Scio are ſingers. Mole, Fleury, Mademoiſelles Comtai, Lange, &c. &c. play at this theatre.

Le Theatre de l'Opera Comique National, formerly Les Italiens rue Favart. Here are exhibited the comic opera and French pieces as in 1790. Meſdames Duganon and St. Aubin, M. M. Phileppe and Michu are ſtill the principal actors.

Le Theatre de la Republique, formerly Les Varietes Amuſants rue de Richelieu. The ſame actors and pieces as in 1792 ſtill continue. A diviſion of the company des Francais ſtill perform here, Talma, Meſdames Veſtris, Deſgarems, &c.

Le Theatre Liri que des Ames du la Patrie, formerly le de Theatre la rue de Louvois. The actors of the Theatre Francais, who formerly performed tragedy there, are about to join the party of this theatre, under the auſpices of Mademoiſelle Raucort, who continues to direct the undertaking.

Le Theatre du Vaudeville at the

the Pantheon rue de Chartres continues as in 1792.

Le Theatre de la Citoyenne Montaufier Maifon Egalité, formerly le Theatre de Baujolais in the Palais Royal.

Le Theatre d'Emulation, formerly les Grands Danfeurs du Roi, or Theatre de Nicoles, on the Boulevards of the Temple.

L'Ambigu Comique, or Theatre d'Audmot, on the Boulevards.

Le Theatre de la Cite-Varietés, formerly Theatre d'Henry IV. oppofite the Old Palais de Juftice. At this theatre is reprefented l'Interieur des Cometes Revolutionares. A fhort time fince, was exhibited a fuperb pantomime in three acts, called les Tentations, or Tous les Diables; with a prologue called the Council of Lucifer.

Le Theatre de la Rue Martin, formerly le Theatre de Moliere; managed by the Reprefentative Bourfalt.

Le Theatre des Jeunes Artiftes, rue de Bondi.

Le Theatre des Varietés Amufantes, Boulevards of the Temple.

Ombre Chinoifes, et Feux Arabefques, by Seraphin, Maifon Egalité.

Amphitheatre National, or Equeftrian Exercifes, by Franconi, formerly Aftley's. A new pantomime, called Don Quixote, in which horfe and foot are introduced, is at prefent performed.

The following are the principal balls:

At the Maifon Richelieu, price three livres each gentleman, or two ladies.

At the Maifon de Aligre, rue Orleans-Honoré, by Ruggierri, price three livres.

At the Maifon des Thuilleries, rue Honoré, where Krafa performs upon the inftrument du Parnaffe.

At Lucquets, rue Etienne, price two livres each.

At the Maifon Mauduit, rue Poiffoniere.

At Loifeau's, rue des Prouvaires.

At Marechal's, rue de la Juffienne.

At the Place Vendome, at Guillet's, &c. &c.

New Dramatic Pieces. Within the firft fifteen days of December, the following new pieces came out at the theatres:

At the Theatre de l'Opera Comique National, a new piece called Amolize, by Citizen Solier, author of feveral productions, was performed a few days ago with the higheft fuccefs, and continues to attract the moft brilliant company. At the Rue Feydeau, an opera in two acts, called La Petite Nanette, by Citizen Beffroy Reigny, was likewife prefented with unanimous approbation: the fcenery and decorations are moft magnificent. At the Theatre du Vaudeville, a new piece called the Two Widows; and at the Theatre de Nicolet, are performed with great applaufe.

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## *Curious Account of the* HIPPOPOTAMUS, *or* GREAT RIVER HORSE.

THE Hippopotamus—This Greek name, which fignifies river-horfe, is that of a large quadruped, likewife called aquatic ox, and which, though lefs than the elephant, is, next to him, the largeft and weightieft animal that treads the earth. In his fhape, he partly refembles the hog, and partly the ox, of which laft he has alfo the low; he has the head very thick, and the mouth in particular extraordina-

ry large; but the eyes ſmall, the ears the ſame, the tail ſhort and thick, the legs thick and ſhort, and four toes on his feet. His ſkin is black, thick, and almoſt deſtitute of hairs. He frequents the rivers and the lakes of Africa, particularly the Nile, for he is fond of water; he eats fiſhes, graſs, rice, millet, the roots of trees, and lives forty or fifty years. The female brings forth one young every year.

During the day, the hippopotamus ſleeps concealed in the reeds, or in the ſand, without concerning himſelf about what is going on around him, and betrays his preſence by a ſort of deep ſnore. On the approach of night, he comes forth, and goes in queſt of his food, either on the land, or on the water, injuring no perſon ſo long as he is ſuffered to depopulate the rivers, and lay waſte the fields of rice, that are commonly ſituated beſide them, at his pleaſure. But if he be teazed, attacked, or, ſtill worſe, wounded, he then becomes furious, aſſaults his enemies, nor quits them till they be conquered, torn in pieces, diſperſed, or till he be killed himſelf, which is extremely difficult, unleſs he be ſtruck on the head. Upon the back, and on the belly, his ſkin is ſo thick, ſo hard, ſo impenetrable, that an arrow, or a ball, only glides upon it.

If he be attacked in the water, his enemy can ſcarcely eſcape him, becauſe he ſwims with ſuch ſurpriſing agility, even under water, where he can traverſe a ſpace of ſeveral hundred feet, without the neceſſity of coming to the ſurface to breathe. Thus he renders the navigation of the Nile very dangerous, becauſe he makes his appearance above water when little expected, raiſes up the boat, and generally turns it upſide down. But it is particularly when wounded, or when he has been fired at, that he ſhows his ſtrength in this way: he ſeizes the planks of the boat with his teeth, and makes great holes in them, that either ſink the boat, or occaſion great danger to thoſe that are aboard, and who frequently find it difficult to eſcape him.

The hippopotamus has a great number of teeth that are all ſtrong; but he has four, particularly in the under jaw, of a foot long each, as thick as an ox's horn, and twelve or fifteen pounds weight, whiter and harder than the tuſks of the elephant, ſo as to ſtrike fire with ſteel like flint, or when the animal ſtrikes the jaws one againſt the other. As they are not ſubject to become yellow like ivory, they are frequently employed in preference. On the other hand, this animal is very heavy and unwieldy on land, where he runs with difficulty; therefore, he no ſooner ſees or hears a man, than he inſtantly endeavours to regain the water. He is not capable of being tamed, at leaſt eaſily. He has the crocodile for his enemy, and he purſues it wherever he can. It has been imagined that hippopotamuſes were more numerous formerly than at preſent, becauſe the ancient Egyptians had their figures engraven on their pyramids, and the Romans had impreſſions of them ſtruck on their coins; but this would ſeem to prove the contrary, and that it was, at that period, a rare animal. The fleſh of the hippopotamus is eaten. When full grown, this animal weighs near three thouſand weight; and his ſkin alone frequently weighs near one, it is ſo thick; it is therefore of good uſe.

## ANTIQUITY *of the* GRANTS; *an humorous* ANECDOTE.

A Gentleman, thought to be the late Lord Gardenſton, on a tour through the Highlands of Scotland, being obliged to take lodgings for a night at an inn of rather inferior degree, was, perhaps, at a loſs how to ſpend the evening. He happened to look at a Bible that lay in his room, and coming to a paſſage, where it mentions, "and there were *giants* in thoſe days," he, with a pen, by a ſmall addition to the letter *i* in the word *giants*, made the paſſage read thus—and there were *Grants* in thoſe days. *Grant* is the name of a famous clan in that quarter, and being the hoſt's name, he claimed kindred with it. The hoſt was ſoon afterwards called in to take a glaſs, and put off the time a little; when the antiquity of the Highland clans became the topic of converſation; that of Grant was maintained by the hoſt to be one of the moſt ancient, brave, &c. This the gentleman readily aſſented to, adding, that if he recollected well, the Grants were mentioned in ſcripture. The hoſt, however, could not believe this, and perhaps began to think it was mentioned by way of ſatire. The gentleman then offered to ſhew him that it was truth, and aſking for a Bible, the landlord naturally handed the one in the room, when, to his inexpreſſible surpriſe and joy, he ſhewed him the paſſage, "and there were *Grants* in thoſe days;" which the enraptured proud Highlander read repeatedly 'ere he could believe his eyes. The gentleman left him in the full conviction of its being a real truth, and happy in being in the knowledge of what he conceived none of his brethren knew before.

## MATRIMONIAL SPORTING.

*To the* EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE taken the liberty of troubling you with an account of a ſingular wedding, which took place at Fechenham, in the county of Worceſter, on Thurſday the 12th of January, between Mrs.—— and Mr.—— both of that place, the age of the bride is 98, that of the bridegroom 76. From the accounts of ſeveral of their neighbours, I find, this aged couple have kept company for ſome time, and the wedding has been latterly delayed, on account of a diſagreement between them reſpecting the marriage ſettlement, which the old lady perſiſted in having, and her lover thought proper at laſt to conſent; Mrs.—— accordingly ſent for her attorney, informed him ſhe was going to be married to *John*, and that ſhe wanted him to make the marriage writings,—The attorney requeſted her to ſay who ſhe ſhould like to have for her truſtees, and at the ſame time hinted that he muſt have an inventory of all her property, to inſert in the ſettlement to make it valid:—this unexpected requeſt threw the lady into a violent paſſion, ſhe wanted no truſtees and ſhe wanted it ſettled *a top on herſelf.*—After ſeveral vain attempts to convince her of the propriety of her complying with his requeſt, he withdrew, and would not have any thing to do with ſo troubleſome a client, who profeſſed to know *every thing*, and *knew nothing!* The old lady ſomewhat exaſperated at the conduct of her *very own* attorney (as ſhe called him) now ſent for another, and explained the buſineſs ſhe wanted


to

to have done,—he, good ſoul, (knowing it would be in vain to contradict any thing *ſhe* wiſhed him to do, and conſidering his *fees* were of more conſequence to him than his client's intereſt) kindly undertook to make her ſettlement, which was accordingly done at her own houſe in the courſe of the day. The old lady has been frequently heard to ſay, "that Suſan was a much older woman than ſhe was when ſhe *bare* a child, and that her *lord* was alſo an old man, that therefore ſhe ſhould take care to provide for her children in the ſettlement."—This declaration made me deſirous to get a ſight of the marriage ſettlement, which I have at laſt attained, through the medium of a friend, and have extracted from it the particular part which relates to the old lady's children, which is nearly as follows:—"After ſtating that a marriage was intended ſhortly to be had, and ſolemnized by God's permiſſion between them; and for the purpoſe of making a comfortable proviſion for Mrs. —— during her life, and after her deceaſe for the heir's *of her body*, lawfully to be begotten *thereon*, *by ſaid John* ——; It is therefore mutually agreed, that the lands, eſtates, and premiſes of ſaid —— ſhould remain to her own uſe during her natural life, and after her deceaſe, to the uſe of all and every the *ſon or ſon's child or children* of ſaid Mrs —— *on her body lawfully to be begotten by ſaid* —— *for ever.*" After the obſervations made by Mrs. —— on the ſubject of providing for her children. I need ſcarcely obſerve, that this clauſe was inſerted in the ſettlement at her expreſs requeſt, and under her particular direction.

The morning announced for this ſingular wedding was extremely fine, and at an early hour the church and church-yard of Fechenham began to be pretty well occupied by a numerous concourſe of people, who came from all parts to witneſs the marriage of this aged pair, and in the courſe of an hour no leſs than *five hundred perſons* were aſſembled. They had waited but a ſhort time after the appointed hour, when the old lady attended by her dear John was perceived coming towards the church—her dreſs was truly fantaſtical for ſuch an old woman, and cauſed no ſmall diverſion to the modern beaux and belles, whoſe ſides were ready to ſplit with laughter when they perceived the *bride* with an elegant *white lawn robe, full ſleeves, ſhort waiſt*, &c. quite in ſtile, and to complete all a *white ſatin hat, ornamented with black ribbons.* The loving couple after ſome trouble gained the altar, and the parſon bound them for life, though not without ſome difficulty, as the immenſe concourſe of people in the church preſſed very hard upon the bride and her attendants, and the communion rails were frequently in danger of being puſhed down by the preſſure of the ſpectators.

The ceremony being performed, the bridegroom and his lovely bride appeared at the church-doors, where they were ſaluted by the company with reiterated huzzas, clapping of hands, &c. The church bells inſtantly rung a merry peal, and the beautiful ſounds of a french-horn and violin (which ſome wags had brought there for the purpoſe) mingled in the diſcordant noiſe, which was as truly a motley one as was ever heard. Three of the old lady's diſcarded lovers, were diſtinguiſhed from the others by party coloured ribbons, which

were

were fancifully diffused over their whole dress. The whole groupe of attendants very *politely* accompanied the aged pair home, and some idea may be formed of the *melodious strains* which rent the air, when we picture to ourselves the whimsical effect that must proceed from the different noises of the french-horn and violin; the bells and the unceasing acclamations of the multitude, which were all sounding in their different notes at *one* and the *same time*. Mirth and pleasure was descriptive on every countenance, and the bride and bridegroom were unenvied. Fechenham was never in such a bustle before, and the oldest inhabitants say, they never remembered to have seen so many people assembled at the *church* at any one time, to *hear divine service*. It is utterly impossible to describe *all* that I saw and heard, I have therefore contented myself with reciting a few of the many incidents which attracted my attention.

By giving this a place in your next month's entertaining magazine, you will greatly oblige

Your sincere friend,

*Worcester*, J. A—N.

*** I had nearly forgot to mention, that Mrs. —— has a daughter living whose age is exactly the same as her present husband.

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## HUNTING *the* ELEPHANT.

*From the Second Journey of* M. LE VAILLANT *into the Interior Parts of* AFRICA; *lately published*.

AMONG many other excursions in the pursuit of sport which this traveller relates, is the following account of hunting the elephant:

"One evening" says he, "when I had returned at an early hour to the kraal, one of Klaas Baster's herdsmen came hastily to inform us, that he had observed two elephants stop on a neighbouring heath. Scarcely any news could be more interesting to me than this. It recalled to my remembrance all the pleasure I had received in my first* journey, from hunting these animals in the Anteniqua country; and the two mentioned by the herdsman appearing to indicate an intention of passing the night in the place where they had been seen, I had every reason to promise myself, that I should come up with them before they quitted it. It was resolved, therefore, that we should attack them at day-break: and, for this purpose, I immediately melted some lead, to cast such balls as we wanted. But Klaas Baster's fusee would not shoot straight; and, to bring it into a proper state, he spent a considerable time in firing at a mark, according to the absurd custom of the country.

More than a pound of my powder was wasted in this manner; yet this circumstance grieved me much less than the imprudence and obstinacy of the man, who could not be ignorant that the noise of this continued popping, augmented and repeated by the numerous echoes of the mountain, must alarm the elephants, and induce them to retire. This was exactly the case. The next day, guided by the shepherd, and accompanied by several of my hottentots, we proceeded with all possible precaution to the heath: but this precaution was useless; for the two animals had quitted the place, and we saw no marks of them, except their dung and their footsteps. However, I was still

* See some interesting extracts from this Work in a former part of our Magazine.

ſtill not without hopes of overtaking them, as their footſteps pointed out the means of purſuing them, if I were inclined ſo to do; and this was the reſolution I adopted.

We rambled along while over the moſt tireſome ground, and had frequently to leap from one piece of rock to another, and ſcramble over the mouldered fragments of the mountain. After a very fatiguing walk, made up of turnings and windings, we at length perceived behind a little hill the two elephants after which we had been hunting: and, to add to our good fortune, the ſituation was ſo favourable, that we could approach within gun-ſhot without being perceived. Klaas Baſter and I ſelected each his object. Mine, which was a female, dropped inſtantly. His was a male: it uttered ſo dreadful a cry as to make us ſhudder with fear, and ran two hundred paces before it fell. My Hottentots followed it; and the moment they perceived it ſtretched on the ground, I heard them exclaim repeatedly and with every demonſtration of joy, *poes-kop, poes-kop.* Aſtoniſhed at this exclamation, the meaning of which I did not underſtand, I deſired Baſter to explain it to me. He anſwered, that *poes-kop* was the name of a particular breed of elephants, which had no tuſks, and were very rarely to be met with; and that hence aroſe the ſhouts of joy and ſurpriſe that burſt from my people. Theſe *poes-kops*, he added, though deſtitute of tuſks, were much more dreaded than elephants provided with them, becauſe they were much more malicious.

After a thorough examination of theſe animals, I was fully convinced, that they were not a different ſpecies of elephant, as Baſter had aſſerted, but a mere variety, or *luſus naturæ.* Experienced hunters have ſince informed me, that, though the *poes-kops* are very ſcarce, they do not fail to meet with ſome occaſionally, and always deſtitute of tuſks, however old they may be. That which my hoſt had juſt killed had not the leaſt appearance of tuſks; and moſt certainly would never have had any; for, as I have already obſerved, the tuſks begin to be viſible in the elephants at the earlieſt age. I have (continues Vaillant) in my collection, two, taken from a ſucking elephant, probably not more than three or four months old, which meaſure only two inches and a half in length. This is a peculiarity, however, in Africa only, and by no means in other countries; ſince it is as rare to find an elephant with tuſks in the iſland of Ceylon, as without them at the Cape of Good Hope. Of this fact I have been aſſured by perſons, who have reſided thirty years in the iſland, and were conſtantly preſent at all the elephant hunts, which take place there at ſtated and regular periods. Among a hundred elephants taken on theſe occaſions, to find two with tuſks would be a phenomenon; and of thoſe furniſhed with ſuch inſtruments of defence, the tuſks would not weigh more than fifteen or twenty pounds. The females of the country of which I am ſpeaking, never ſhew the leaſt veſtige of any; while at the Cape of Good Hope they are never without them of a larger or ſmaller ſize, and even the old males have formidable weapons; for it is by no means uncommon to kill one of theſe with tuſks, each of a hundred pounds weight, and there have

have been some in the Company's storehouses weighing as much as a hundred and sixty pounds, as I have been assured by several persons of credibility, who had the charge of things of this nature.

This the author considers as a sufficient refutation to the assertion of his host (Baster), that the elephant without tusks, and which the Hottentots distinguished by the appellation of *poes-kops*, was of a species peculiar to itself. "Are the elephants of Ceylon then a different species from those of Africa?" says this traveller) I think they are not. At the same time it is now proved, that the rhinoceros of India is of a different species from the rhinoceros of the Cape, since they have distinct characters, by which they are completely discriminated from each other: but the same circumstance remains to be shewn with respect to the elephants of the Cape and of Ceylon. The planters and Hottentots, who have had opportunities of meeting with or killing *poes-kop* elephants, assured me they were all males. That which we had just killed was ten feet four inches high (French). To judge of its age by its grinders, which were very little worn, it must have been still very young. The female was not more than a foot shorter, and was the largest I had ever seen. Its tusks weighed twenty pounds each. In the course of my journey, however, I met with larger females, the tusks of which weighed a third more.

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SAGACITY *of a* DOG; *an extraordinary Circumstance.*

IN the field opposite the Asylum, St. George's-fields, and close by the ditch which encircles the Apollo Gardens, there has been for some time past, a dog, who has constantly attached himself to a particular spot, where day and night he barks and moans, as if over some person buried. For some time no particular notice was taken of him, till he was nearly starved—he has since been fed by the neighbours; and if taken away, constantly returns. He has scratched and gnawed nearly all the bark from an elder tree, which hangs over the ditch, near which some persons have digged, and a little below the surface of the earth have found a part of the entrails of some animal, either human, or those of a hog, as also some skinny substance, much putrified. A supposition that pieces of a dissected body have been there buried were admissible, were it not for the strange attachment of the dog to the place, which it is imagined no such thing would draw. The whole affair is at present involved in much mystery, the veil of which it is surely proper that some attempt should be made to remove. The ditch is very deep and muddy; and the water rises if the earth in the field is much turned up.

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*For the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

*Action in the Court of King's Bench, Dec. 29, before Lord Kenyon, to recover Money for the exchange and keep of a Horse.*

MARSDEN *v.* WILKINS.

MR. Gibbs said, his client was a respectable stableman, that the defendant was, he had no doubt, a respectable citizen; being desirous of a good horse, he applied to Marsden to procure him one, but after paying

ing for the horſe, he in a few days found ſome qualities which he diſliked; on this he went to Marſden, who told him that he expected a drove of horſes from the country, when they came he could accommodate himſelf: they did come, and Mr. Wilkins found a horſe which he liked much: an exchange was made, and ſome guineas were given as boot to Marſden. The horſe, however, was not perfectly trained, and it was agreed that Marſden ſhould train the horſe, and bring him home: accordingly this was done, Marſden took home the horſe to Mr. Wilkins, with the bill for his keep, on which Mr. Wilkins abſolutely refuſed to take the horſe, ſaying, that Marſden and the horſe may go and be damned, that he would have his money—the horſe was left at his ſtable, and for the agreed difference between the two horſes and the keep, the action was brought. He called John Anderſon, who ſwore to the agreement and the delivery of the horſe, which was made as tame as any horſe in England, and as well trained; he proved the refuſal to pay on the part of Wilkins.

The counſel for the defendant contended, that no promiſe or agreement had been made about the keep; that Marſden was to keep the horſe till he was trained, that ſo far from the horſe being trained, the firſt day he was put under the chair, he ran away and broke the chair; that he was quite untractable, and that, although he had been put in defendant's ſugar mill, and worked there conſtantly, yet he continued unmanageable.

The defendant's nephew ſwore, that he was preſent when the horſe was brought home; he heard his uncle deny his having promiſed to pay for the horſe's keep, and refuſed to take the horſe.

Lord Kenyon ſaid, that the only difference which he could diſcover was about the keep; he confeſſed he would not, on ſlight and ſuſpicious evidence impute perjury to any witneſs; Anderſon ſwore to the agreement and likewiſe to the due training of the horſe; unleſs therefore, the Jury conſidered him perjured, and that a prior agreement had been made, by which Marſden was to charge nothing for the horſe's keep, he thought there ſhould be a verdict for the plaintiff.

Verdict for the plaintiff.

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## Sailing *on* Land; *an humourous* Equestrian Disaster.

A British ſailor, ſome time ago, having occaſion to take a journey of ten or twelve miles into the country, hired a horſe for that purpoſe, and having never been on horſeback before, he aſked one of his meſſmates how he ſhould conduct himſelf. The latter told him, all that he had to do, was to take care the horſe did not *run away with him*. The other began to conſider how he ſhould avoid ſuch a miſchance, and at laſt hit on a ſcheme for that purpoſe. He took a ſmall anchor belonging to one of the boats, and having fixed ten or twelve fathom of rope to it, he tied one end of the rope about the horſe's neck, and took the anchor up before him to be ready for caſting in caſe of any diſaſter. The horſe went very well for the firſt four or five miles, till feeling himſelf galled by the rubbing of the anchor on his neck, he ſet off full ſpeed, and our equeſtrian finding himſelf in danger, deter-

mine

mined to *bring up*. He therefore let go the anchor, and the horse having run out his cable, brought up with such a jerk, that he threw his rider five or six yards before him, dislocated his shoulder, and cured him effectually of any wish to make further improvements in the art of *sailing on land*.

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*For the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

## *Observations on the Parts of* WOMEN *Played by* MEN *at the* THEATRE *in Rome; extracted from a Traveller's Journal.*

THERE is no place in the world where the times long past, so forcibly and on so many occasions address the observer, as at Rome. There, among several more customs, they have also accidentally preserved one, which in all other places, has been almost totally laid aside.

The antients, at least in the best times of art and manners, permitted no woman to make her entrance on the stage. Their dramas were either so composed, that women were more or less dispensable: or the female characters were performed by an actor who had particularly trained himself to them. This practice is still preserved in modern Rome and other territories of the church; except at Bologna, which city, among other privileges, enjoys that of allowing women to be admired on the stage.

So much has been said in blame of this Roman custom, that I may perhaps be permitted to say somewhat in its praise; at least (for fear of seeming too paradoxical) if it be only to call the attention to a relic of antiquity.

Nothing concerning the opera is here intended; as the fine and flattering voice of the castrator, to which moreover the female habit seems far more suitable than the manly dress, easily reconciles us with whatever might occasionally appear an impropriety in the cloathing of the figure.

I presuppose, as in all such cases we must, that the parts are adapted to the manner and abilities of the performers. A condition, without which no theatre, and hardly the greatest and most various actor, could subsist.

The modern Romans have in general a great fancy for changing the dresses of the two sexes in masquerades. During the carnival a number of young fellows go about habited as females of the lowest class, and seem to take great delight in this disguise. Coachmen and lacqueys frequently make a very decent figure as women, and especially if they are young and good-looking fellows, and are handsomely dressed. On the other hand, one sees ladies of the middle station as Pulcinellos, and the women of fashion look well and even beautifully in the officers' uniform. Every one seems to enjoy this frolic, in which we have all, when children, been often delighted; as an agreeable prolongation of juvenile follies. It is curious to see how both sexes appear to amuse themselves in this self-creation, by usurping as much as possible the prerogative of Tiresias.

In like manner, the young men who devote themselves to the performance of female characters, take incredible pains to attain at perfection in their art. They observe the looks, the motions, the deportment of ladies in the nicest manner; they do their utmost to ape them in every particular, and give their voice the softness and melody of that sex, even

when they cannot alter its deeper one; in ſhort, they ſtrive as far as in their power lies, to diveſt themſelves entirely of their ſex. They are as enamoured of every new faſhion as any woman in the world can be; they employ the firſt-rate milliners to dreſs and adorn them; and the principal actreſs of a theatre is very ſucceſsful when ſhe makes ſo complete a figure.

As to the under-parts, they, generally ſpeaking, are not ſo well filled; and it is not to be denied, that Columbine is often unable entirely to conceal her blue-beard. But as great improprieties are ſeen in the generality of the reſt of the theatres, in reſpect to the under-parts; and, excepting in the very capital of other kingdoms, where greater care is taken of the ſtage, there is frequently much reaſon to complain of the unſkilfulneſs of performers of the third and fourth orders, and of the failure in the illuſion that this occaſions.

I attended the Roman theatre not free from prejudice: but I ſoon found myſelf reconciled, without thinking of it; I felt a pleaſure hitherto unknown to me, and I remarked that many others ſhared in it likewiſe. I ſtrove to find out the cauſe; and it ſeems to be: that in this repreſentation, the idea of imitation, the ſentiment of art, always remain alert, and by the proper performance only one kind of conſcious illuſion is produced.

We recollect to have ſeen an expert young man on the London ſtage, perform old characters with the completeſt deception, and we cannot but recollect at the ſame time, the two-fold pleaſure that actor gave us. In like manner, a double ſatisfaction ariſes from hence, that theſe perſons are not ladies, but ladies repreſented. The young man has ſtudied the peculiarities of the female ſex in their whole manner and deportment; he underſtands them, and exhibits them to our view in quality of an artiſt; he acts not himſelf, but a third, and properly a foreign nature. We enter ſo much the more deeply into this repreſentation, as every one has obſerved them, every one has conſidered them, and it is not the ſubject, but the reſult of the ſubject, that is repreſented before us.

Now, as all art is thus eminently diſtinguiſhed from ſimple imitation, ſo it is natural that at ſuch a repreſentation we ſhould feel a peculiar kind of pleaſure, and overlook many imperfections in the execution of the whole.

It muſt indeed be neceſſarily underſtood, as was hinted above, that the parts muſt be ſuitable to this kind of acting.

Thus the public could not refuſe a general applauſe to the Locandiera of Goldoni.

The young man who repreſented the hoſteſs, exhibited the various ſhades of the character as accurately as poſſible. The ſedate coldneſs of the girl, who is active and induſtrious in her affairs, is civil, friendly, and officious to all, but has no mind either to love or to be beloved, ſtill leſs is diſpoſed to hearken to the amorous paſſions of her principal gueſts; the private tender coquetteries by which ſhe contrives to captivate her male viſitors; the wounded pride ſhe ſhews on being treated roughly and unkindly by one of them; the various delicate blandiſhments by which ſhe artfully entices this very man to her; and at laſt the triumph at having even made a conqueſt of him!

I am perſuaded, and have even been

been witneſs to it, that an able and intelligent actreſs may entitle herſelf to great applauſe in this character; but the latter ſcenes, repreſented by a lady, will always offend. The expreſſion of that unimpreſſible coldneſs, that delicious ſentiment of revenge, the inſolent joy at having done miſchief, would ſhock us with its intemperate truth; and when ſhe at laſt gives her hand to the menial ſervant of the houſe, only that ſhe may have one ſervant at home, we ſhould be but little ſatisfied with the cataſtrophe of the piece. Whereas, on the Roman theatre, it is not the unamiable coldneſs, the female inſolence itſelf, the repreſentation only reminds the audience of it; they comfort themſelves with the thought, that at leaſt for this time it is not real. They gave hearty claps of applauſe to the young actor, and were pleaſed that he had diſplayed ſo thorough a knowledge of the dangerous talents of the beloved ſex; and, by a happy imitation of their behaviour, in a manner avenged us on the fair, for all the things of a like nature that we ſuffer from them.

I repeat it then; the audience here felt the pleaſure of ſeeing, not the matter itſelf, but its imitation; not of being entertained by nature, but by art; not of being ſhewn an individuality, but a reſult.

To this muſt be added, that the figure of the actor was well adapted to a perſon of the middle claſs of life.

And thus Rome has preſerved to us, among its numerous remains, this old method, though more incomplete: and even though every one ſhall not be pleaſed with it, yet the man of reflection will find in it an opportunity of bringing back to his imagination the manners of thoſe antient times, and is more diſpoſed to credit the teſtimonies of the old writers; who aſſure us, in different places, that there were actors who carried their art to ſuch a pitch, as, even in female habits, to charm a nation of taſte.

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*To the* EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

CONVINCED of the entertainment your periodical work muſt afford to all lovers of hunting, permit me to ſend the following as an incident worthy of inſertion.

I remain, Gentlemen,
A CONSTANT READER.

*Axminſter, Jan.* 16, 1797.

A few days ago, as Peter Palmer, gamekeeper to Sir John de la Pole, Bart. was beating the woods belonging to that gentleman, in purſuit of woodcocks, the dogs ſtruck on the ſcent of a martin, (or wild cat) which they immediately followed. Mr. Palmer, accompanied by Mr. William Jeffard, (ſon to the famous gardener of that name) and Mr. William Budd, a gentleman well known in the annals of Racing, went in purſuit of the martin, when the dogs loſt the ſcent, but ſoon after hitting it again, they ran for near four hours, and after an effectual chace, lodged her in a tree in the neighbourhood of Whitford. After many vain attempts to remove him from this lodgement, Mr. Palmer aſcended the tree, which was remarkably high, and caught the martin, which he begged for another day's ſport.

Soon after this occurrence, a fox was diſcovered by Mr. Weeks

(a famous rabbit-shooter) which he pursued, and was immediately joined by the whole company, who came up with the tired dogs, and after a chace of twenty minutes, compelled poor reynard to earth himself in a sand-pit, near Bowlands; after which the sportsmen retired to the house of Mr. William Potter, a respectable farmer near this place, where the evening was spent with much humour and cordiality. Mr. Palmer is the well known pugilist, who lately fought the famous Francis Langford, a celebrated knight of the collar, in which the latter came off victorious.

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## *Collection of approved* RECIPES *for the* CURE *of* DISEASED HORSES; *as prescribed in our* TREATISE *on* FARRIERY.

*(Continued from page 81.)*

*An ointment for the spavin.*

TAKE of Venice turpentine two ounces; of hog's lard one ounce; of spirit of turpentine half an ounce; cantharides and euphorbium, of each half an ounce, both in fine powder; set them over the fire, and stir them together till they are cold.

*A poultice for greasy heels.*

Take honey, hog's lard, and turpentine, of each a pound; of rice meal a sufficient quantity: simmer them all together over the fire, and then put a pound of beaten allum, fine sifted, to the rest when cold. Spread it on a cloth, and apply it to the heels, and let it lie on twenty-four hours.

*A drink for the grease.*

Take liquorice powder, elecampane-root, flour of brimstone, annifeeds powdered, of each an ounce; of rue an handful, and one head of garlic: boil these in a quart of ale till it comes to a pint; then add a pound of common treacle, and three ounces of oil of turpentine. This is to be given once in four or five days. Bleed the horse on the day you lay on the poultice, and give the drink the next day. Keep him very warm, and walk him gently in a dry place.

*A drink for the yellows and staggers.*

First bleed at the mouth or tail, and then give three drams of saffron; turmerick, annifeeds, of each half an ounce; of London treacle three ounces; dissolved over a gentle fire in a pint of sack, or white wine: mix them together.

*Balls to carry off grease.*

Take annifeeds, fenugreek seeds, liquorice root, wild saffron, carthamus, flowers of sulphur, of each one ounce; jalap, senna, myrrh, gentian, of each half an ounce; of cream of tartar, two ounces; beat all to powder, and add juice of liquorice dissolved in white wine an ounce: make a mass with fresh butter for twelve balls. Give three at a time every other day.

*A poultice for a strain in the fetlock joint.*

Take one pint of vinegar; wall-flower, agrimony, groundsel, parsley, mallows, of each one handful; and a small quantity of hogs grease. Chop the herbs and boil them well together. Apply it as warm as the horse can well bear it poulticewise.

*For the farcin.*

Take lapis calaminaris, tutty, of each one ounce; sal tartar half an

an ounce; rue one handful, shred very fine: boil all the drugs, being finely powdered, in a pint and a half of urine to a pint, keeping it stirred. Strain off the liquor, and let the horse fast ten hours before, and ten after he has taken it.

*A cold charge.*

Take the white of eggs, bole armoniac, sanguis draconis, white wine vinegar, verjuice, of each a sufficient quantity; oil of roses and myrrh, of each two ounces; mix them, and thicken it with flour.

*For a prick with a thorn.*

Take violet leaves, agrimony, of each half a handful; boars grease or fresh grease, a sufficient quantity; and make a poultice with balm.

*A salve to make the hoof grow.*

Take Burgundy pitch, common turpentine, bees-wax, oil of earth-worms, of each four ounces; melt them together, and anoint the part betwixt the hair and the hoof once in twenty-four hours. If the horse be pained in his feet, stop them with kitchen stuff and brine, boiled together and thickened with yeast.

*A poultice for the Strangles.*

Take mallows and chickweed, of each half an handful; white lilly roots and fenugreek in powder, of each a sufficient quantity; boil them with hogs grease and lees of strong beer, applying it very hot.

*An ointment for Swelled Legs, Scabby Heels, and Cracks.*

Take verdigrease four ounces, boiled in four pints of ale, till it becomes thick like an ointment, which will be when one third is wasted. Anoint the part twice a day, and keep the horse out of the water.

*An ointment for sore Cracks in the Heels.*

Take litharge of gold a sufficient quantity; of unguentum album camphoratum, as much as you please, and add a little linseed oil.

*A tent for a quitter-bone.*

Open the hoof to the vein against the place that is quittered; then run an iron red hot into the hole of the quitter about an inch or half an inch; then put in a piece of tow with spittle, and dipt in sublimate; then let it rest three days and take it out, turn it inside out and put it in again; let it rest three days longer, throwing cold water on the foot once a day, for the three last days. Then take the tent out and pluck the quitter out: after it has done bleeding, dress it with the following ointment once in twenty-four hours for five days.

Take green copperas, unslacked lime, of each equal parts, with a fourth part of salt. Make them into an ointment with crown-soap and fresh grease. When this has been applied, heal the sore with an healing ointment, and wash it with a copperas water.

*A drink and a plaister for the farcy.*

Take of rue one handful; savin, bear's-foot, of each a handful; two or three shives of the inward bark of a walnut-tree, and boil them in four pints of chamber-lye to two pints; add to the strained liquor, bole armoniac one ounce and a half; oil of turpentine half an ounce: give it in the morning,

morning, letting the horſe have no water till night, and then let it be warm. The plaiſter is made of pidgeon's dung finely powdered and dried, two handfuls, tar one pound, white mercury two ounces; apply it to the part, and heat it with a hot iron.

*An excellent oil for ſtrains of the ſinews, and ſhoulder-ſlips.*

Take linſeed oil four ounces; oil of ſpike and turpentine, of each two ounces; of nerve oil an ounce and a half; oil of Exeter, and ſwallows, of each an ounce; oil of peter, ſix drams; oil of vitriol, two drams and a half. Mix them together for uſe.

*A purge for a young horſe.*

Take of Barbadoes aloes one ounce; cream of tartar half an ounce; of jalap half a dram: mixt with ſolutive ſyrup of roſes. Make them into a ball, and give it in a morning faſting in warm water.

*An ointment for a very ſore back.*

Take mercury ſublimate in fine powder, two ounces; of ſoft ſoap two ounces; oil of bays one ounce: mix theſe all well together, and keep the mixture cloſe in a pot. When you make uſe of it, take the bigneſs of a nutmeg of the ointment, and rub it very well in with your fingers, for a quarter of an hour, and forty-eight hours after rub on the ſame quantity.

N. B. Put a piece of bladder on your fingers, and uſe it with great caution, for it is a moſt dangerous poiſon.

*An ointment to take out a thorn.*

Take of the beſt turpentine one ounce; beat it well with the yolk of a new-laid egg; then add a ſpoonful of the beſt virgin honey, and a ſpoonful of the fineſt wheat flour: mix all theſe well together, and ſpread the mixture on leather, to the thickneſs of a poultice, and lay it on the ſore; repeating it once a day.

*For a ſurfeit or a cold.*

Take two pints of ale, boil and ſcum it; and then add two or three heads of garlic well bruiſed: boil them till a third part of the ale is conſumed, and then put in bay berries beaten or bruiſed ſmall with an ounce of diapente; of elecampane root half an ounce; London treacle one ounce; of honey four ſpoonfuls; of ſallad oil ſix ſpoonfuls: boil them together and ſtrain off the liquor for a doſe. Ride the horſe after he has taken it for ſome time; then cloath him up well and warm. At noon give a maſh, or the white water; repeat this drench every third day, and give white water every day; if the horſe be feveriſh or full of blood, bleed him between the drenches. You may make a gentle purge of this drench by adding ſix drams of aloes in powder.

*(To be continued.)*

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## *THEATRICALS.*

### OPERA-HOUSE.

THE beautiful opera of *Evelina*, a poſthumous work of the late charming compoſer Sacchini, was on Tueſday evening, Jan. 10, performed, for the firſt time.

The correct elegance with which it has been brought forward, and the faithfulneſs of the tranſlation from the French, by Mr. Du. Ponte, the poet of the theatre, are equally praiſeworthy.

Mr. Federici, who preſides at the harpſichord, has given equal proof

proof of merit and ſkill, by the taſteful manner in which he has adapted and arranged the muſic.

Madame Banti was the heroine of the piece, and never were her unrivalled powers diſplayed to more advantage.

The trio in the firſt act is a divine compoſition, and was as finely ſung twice by Banti, Viganoni, and Rovedino.

The choruſſes are particularly fine, and were moſt excellently ſung. The ſcenery is beautiful, and adds another laurel to Greenwood's wreath. The whole combination promiſes a great run to this charming opera.

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Drury Lane Theatre.

## THE HONEY-MOON.

ON Saturday evening, January 7, a new comic opera, called the Honey Moon was performed, for the firſt time, at Drury-Lane Theatre, the characters of which were as follow, and thus repreſented :

| | |
|---|---|
| Sir William Wellbred, | Mr. Suett. |
| Sir George Orbit, | Mr. Kelly. |
| Captain Belmont, | Mr. Barrymore. |
| Captain Clifton, | Mr. Palmer, |
| Major Leſſington, | Mr. Dignum. |
| Tim, | Mr. Wathen. |
| Worry, | Mr. Banniſter, jun. |
| Huntſman, | Mr. Cooke, |
| Lady Wellbred, | Miſs Pope. |
| Dorinda, | Miſs Arne. |
| Floretta, | Miſs De Camp. |
| Dina, | Mrs Bland. |
| Emmeline, | Miſs Leak. |

This opera is ſaid to be the firſt production of a young writer, and may be conſidered as a firſt dramatic exerciſe, in public; we wiſh we could ſay it merited praiſe even though it poſſeſſed the faults of youth and inexperience in the writer; ſuch as thoſe occaſional ſallies of genius which conſiſt in eccentricity of thought, boldneſs of colouring of characters, and daring riſque, of ſtrong incident, and hazardous ſituation. Unfortunately it has little, if any, of theſe glorious errors to boaſt, in atonement for common-place ideas and expreſſions, and total want of originality, both in point of character and humour. Lady Wellbred, a pretender to deep learning; and who ſtrangely wears the cap of a gentleman-commoner at Oxford, as the outward ſign of her inward light; and Worry, the butler of Sir George, are the only two of the *dramatis perſonæ*, that have a glimmering of comic or farcical diſtinction in their whole compoſition: and they are not only unfurniſhed ſhetches, but little better than abortions, as they exiſt in the opera for no purpoſe eſſentially conducive to the progreſs of the plot, and from the little effect they produce, mortify and diſappoint, by exciting the recollection of how much more is neceſſary to be done by ſuch characters, to make them at once objects of entertainment and commendation. To write dramatic pieces for the exhibition of character merely, is ſo total a diſregard of all the regular duties of a dramatiſt, that few authors have been able violently to outrage the proper uſe of the ſtage in that way, with any ſort of ſucceſs.——Foote was the only wit in modern times who poſſeſſed the happy talent. His plays are all plays of character, exhibited to public view through the medium of a ſlight fable, ſometimes very ſlovenly conducted. It was, however, always a fable traceable and intelligible, and his characters were made eſſential inſtruments of its progreſs and its end, by their follies and their vicious tendencies, which were held up to ridicule, with moſt powerful effect. In the

HONEY

Honey Moon, the author's is comfortably obscure, his meaning being seldom discernible. The reason why Emmeline should, during the honeymoon, assume the character of Zantippe, is assigned in so slight a manner, that not one third of the audience were sufficiently impressed with it, to recollect the cause of her becoming a termagant as soon as she was married to Sir George, and indeed the conceit of her acting so dangerous a folly, can only most seriously injure herself by disgusting her husband in the earliest stage of matrimony, and create an aversion that might, very reasonably, have lasted for life. The songs are foisted in without the smallest degree of art, and most of them might have been sung in any other opera, with equal connexion to the fable.

It is much more grateful to the writer of this article, to clap a young author on the back, and give him encouragement, than to appear to wish to damp his ardour, and check his pursuit in dramatic literature; but the iron task of duty will not bend, and must be met in its resistance to wishes and inclinations. Let the author of the Honey Moon learn early, that to acquire success in the theatre, and celebrity in the theatrical world, he must first imagine a perfect fable, design comic characters, and not only use them so as to shew that his plot could neither proceed or end without them, but use them comically, and make them conducive to the proper effect of every scene in which they appear. In short, he must form the great outline of his intended satire, and the characters he means to introduce, with the various appertaing incidents and situations, in his own mind, satisfactorily to himself, before he attempts to put to paper what he means to call a a play, an opera, or a farce. The dialogue is the mere dressing, and the richness or the poverty of it, will shew whether the author be a man of ready wit, or of hard-bound brains.

The music had merit, the overture especially; Dina's song had a charming effect; but the music in general, wanted novelty and variety.

The comedians did the author justice. It was lamentable to see so powerful a performer as Palmer, put into the situation of walking through such an empty character as Clifton; it was like dieting Hercules upon water-gruel without salt. Bannister did all he could to make Worry less troublesome, but unfortunately he only worried himself. Kelly made the most of Sir George, considering that he was out of his own orbit; his switch played capitally. Miss Arne, from the little that was seen of her, appeared to be an unembarrassed and capable performer. Mrs. Bland sung her airs most sweetly; why she was made a dingy companion, was a secret that the fable did not disclose. Miss Leak was, as usual, extremely successful in her singing.

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Covent Garden Theatre.

## A CURE FOR THE HEART-ACHE.

On Tuesday evening, January 17, was performed, for the first time, at Covent-Garden Theatre, a new comedy, called A Cure for the Heart-Ache, written by Mr. Moreton, author of The Way to get Married, and several other well received dramatic performances.

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The *dramatis personæ* are as follow:

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|---|---|
| Sir Hubert Stanley, | Mr. Murray. |
| Charles Stanley, | Mr. Pope. |
| Vortex, (a Nabob,) | Mr. Quick. |
| Old Rapid, | Mr. Munden. |
| Hartley, (Steward to Sir Hubert,) | Mr. Hull. |
| Farmer Oatlands, | Mr. Waddy, |
| Frank Oatlands, | Mr. Fawcett. |
| Bronze, | Mr. Farley. |
| Young Rapid, | Mr. Lewis. |
| Miſs Vortex, | Mrs. Mattocks. |
| Jeſſy Oatlands, | Miſs Wallis. |
| Miſs Elen Vortex, | Mrs. Pope. |

The main incidents on which the fable of this comedy turns, are theſe :—A nabob, wallowing in wealth, which is ſwelled to an enormous amount, from his having fraudulently perſuaded his niece, Elen, to aſſign over all her expectations from the return of her father's property in India, for five thouſand pounds, has bought an eſtate in the country, cloſe to Stanley Caſtle, the family ſeat of Sir Hubert. The conſequence that the diſſipation and extravagance in the nabob's houſehold, poiſons the minds of the ſimple farmers and honeſt yeomanry, corrupts their habits, and undermines their induſtry. When the play opens, Elen is juſt returned to her uncle, the nabob's, where her virtue and nobleneſs of mind are contraſted by the diſguſtful pride, vicious tendency, and faſhionable follies of her couſin, Miſs Vortex, called by diſtinction the *rich* Miſs Vortex. The arrival of Charles Stanley from his travels, in the courſe of which Elen had met him, when ill at Spa, and there had exchanged promiſes of mutual attachment and fidelity, is hourly expected at Stanley Caſtle; the owner of which, an example of old Engliſh honour and hoſpitality, has been neceſſitated to mortgage his eſtate to Mr. Rapid, a wealthy taylor, in London, for fifty thouſand pounds, in conſequence of the expences of a conteſted election, with the Nabob, all of which the mortgage will not cover, he therefore is about to raiſe more money for their diſcharge. This brings down Rapid and his ſon Ned to the village, where the former, though a man of ſtrict integrity and a liberal mind, appears to be a very taylor, and never to have the ſhop-board and ſheers out of his memory or his mouth. His ſon, on the contrary, is a gay daſhing young man, eager to cut a figure in life, and in ſuch a ſtate of perpetual motion, that he can neither ſtand ſtill himſelf, nor ſuffer any other perſon to do ſo. The father has concealed the circumſtance of his wealth from his ſon, who diſcovers it by finding a letter from Sir Hubert, on the ſubject of the mortgage, whereupon the father confeſſes that he his worth a *plum*, honeſtly earned in trade. The Nabob, hearing of the mortgage, is eager to ouſt his neighbour, being heartily vexed, that Charles Stanley whoſe union with his daughter he had ſolicited of the Baronet, had ſlighted her and offered his hand to his beloved Elen. He therefore ſends for Rapid and his ſon, propoſes for them to purchaſe Stanley Caſtle; and inſults the worthy Baronet, with a direct tender to that effect, having previouſly offered his daughter to young Rapid, who though under a ſolemn pledge to Jeſſe Oatlands, a farmer's daughter, is thoughtleſs enough to liſten to the Nabob's offer, and to prepare to unite himſelf to Miſs Vortex, where his heart is wrung with the conſciouſneſs of his baſeneſs; and by the ſight of Jeſſe in a ſtate of ſervitude in the Nabob's family, to which ſhe had been reduced by

by the folly of her father, who had ruined himself by gaming with the Nabob's servants, he is induced to forego his intended marriage with Miss Vortex, and give his hand to Jesse, having first unwillingly destroyed the receipt of the Nabob to Elen, for the conveyance of her expectations to the Nabob, which the latter had shewn him. This, and the discovery of the Nabob's having confessed that he possessed the house he lived in, and 100,000l. the property of Elen, enables her to marry Charles Stanley, and retrieve the Baronet's affairs. Frank Oatlands, the brother of Jesse, anhonest well meaning rustic, is a principal instrument in the progress of the plot, and at once helps it on, and heightens the interest and humour of the scene.—The moral is, that *honesty is the best policy*, and that nothing relieves the heart from the compunctous visitations of self-accusing conscience, so effectually as reconciling a man to himself, by an act of integrity and justice.

The characters were ably performed. Fawcet's Frank was throughout excellent—in the scene with the Nabob's purse, he exhibited as powerful, and as fine a piece of acting as ever was witnessed. Lewis, as usual, was the life and soul of the scene wherever he appeared. Munden's Rapid did him great credit, not only for what he did, but for what he omitted—we mean his judiciously preserving the character from sinking into contempt, by low and vulgar humour or colouring. Murray, Quick, and Pope, played extremely well, and were highly characteristic.—Mrs. Mattocks and Mrs. Pope each acquitted themselves in their opposite walks with great skill; and Miss Wallis made Jesse extremely interesting, but she was occasionally too tedious in her delivery.

The prologue was a good one and turned upon the sovereign effect of a golden pill—it was well spoken by Mr. M'Cready. The Epilogue had an abundant portion of wit and humour, tending in a whimsical manner to prove, that all mankind are taylors. It was given with great comic force by that superior mistress in the art of Epilogue-speaking, Mrs. Mattocks.

There were several new scenes admirably painted, and the dresses were rich and appropriate. Mrs. Mattock's second dress was most beautiful.

The comedy was, throughout, received with the unanimous and hearty applause of a very crouded audience, and promises to bring many such to the Theatre.

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## *Particular Account of a* BLIND SPORTSMAN.

JOHN METCALF, born at Knaresborough in Yorkshire, in the year 1717, lost his sight when only four years old, soon after which he became unconscious of light and its various effects. Being instructed to play on the violin, he attended as a musician at the Queen's Head, High Harrogate, for many years, and was the first person who set up a wheel carriage for the conveyance of company to and from the places of public resort in that neighbourhood. In the year 1745, he engaged to serve as musician in Colonel Thornton's volunteers, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Falkirk. Being soon released, he returned to Knaresborough, and commenced common carrier betwixt that town and York, and often served as

as a guide in intricate roads during the night, or when the tracks were covered with snow; nor was any person more eager of the chace, which he would follow either on foot or on horseback with the greatest avidity. This very singular character has been present at many of the most remarkable chaces in that part of the kingdom, and has generally ranked among the number of those who were first in with the hounds. Strange as this may appear to those who can see, the employment he followed for more than thirty years past, is still more extraordinary, and one of the last to which we could suppose a blind man would ever turn his attention, that of projecting, and contracting for, the making of high roads, building bridges, houses, &c. With no other assistance than a long staff in his hand, he has been known to ascend the precipice, and explore the valley, and investigate the extent of each, its form and situation. His plans and estimates were done in a method peculiar to himself, and which he found it impossible to convey the meaning of to others.

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## *THE FEAST OF WIT:*

OR,

## SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

### *The Abbe Terray.*

THE following droll incident is said to have occurred during the administration of this great *Concussionaire*:—A child, the solitary hope of a noble family, had swallowed a shilling, or a piece of vingt-quatre sols. Application was made to the most skilful of the medical tribe in vain; when at last a physician appeared, who promised to effect a cure. Upon further consultation, he confessed his inability also; but said, if he were well feed, he could name a person that would certainly perform the operation, and that was the Abbe Terray, the comptroller-general, for he was sure *he could come at it, whenever a shilling was to be found in France!*

### *Curious Notice.*

At the entrance of a foot path, leading from a village in the vicinity of Tunbridge Wells, the following lines are exposed on a board:—"*It is requested, that no person intrude here without permission.*" So that it appears, all those who have grace to solicit permission to inspect the premises, only come under the description of *licensed intruders!*

### *Bon Mot.*

Some time ago, a matter was heard before one of the rotation magistrates between two *Jews.*—"NATHAN *versus* SOLOMON."—It turned out to be a villainous fraud practised upon the former, in a bargain of *old cloaths!*—After the award, the magistrate, jocularly addressing the plaintiff, said, "I wonder, my honest fellow, that *you* should be *taken in* by one of *your own tribe.*" "Ah! sir," replied NATHAN, "your worship does not consider that *every* JEW *is not a* SOLOMON."

### *Dr. Fothergill and the Parrot.*

A nobleman, whose family this eminent physician attended, kept a parrot, whose loquacity it was the frequent employment of the porter to cultivate. One morning when the doctor went to pay his visit, the sentence of "*Make room for a quack! Make room for a quack!*"

*a quack!*" struck the ears of the astonished doctor and the nobleman, who was conducting him up stairs. The physician noticed it not, but passed on. On their return however, Poll exclaimed, "*Make room for a cuckold! Make room for a cuckold!*" when the doctor turned round, and facetiously said to the nobleman, "*Observe—he means thee friend now, for I am a batchelor!*"

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A Counsellor very lately attempted to quiz a country parson who had a fine snuff box.—"Doctor," said he, "your box is large enough to hold the freedom of a corporation."—"Sir," said the priest, "it will hold any freedom but your's."

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What notion must foreigners form of our MORALITY and RELIGION, on observing the walls of the metropolis plaistered with an offer of a tempting bounty for *several able-bodied men, for St. Mildred the Virgin?*

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A Liverpool paper, giving an account of the capture of the Ann, of that port, says, "We are sorry to state that the crew tarnished the name of *British* seamen; for being all *foreigners*, they fled from their quarters."

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When the Stadtholder attended the Master of the Ceremonies ball at Bath, lately, the music in compliment to his highness on entering the rooms struck up, *Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear.*"

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A gentleman seeing a lady hold an act of parliament before her face to keep the fire off, said, she was like an insolvent debtor, *she was taking the benefit of the act.*

An advertisement was issued lately from one of the public offices, offering a reward for the recovery of an escrutoire, a bed, and a side board, stolen out of "an *empty* house," in Goodman's-fields.

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Tallien one day said with some anger to his lady, "how's this, madam, I hear every where you wish to be *divorced* from me!"—"I should like it of all things," replied the Syren, "but my fear is, that having once borne *your name* I should never find a man who would *honour me with his.*"

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Our *petit-maitres*, in consequence of their ornamenting their horses bridles with bows of ribbands, have given rise to a new race of animals, who advertise themselves as *horse milliners.*

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*A beef steak* club, as it is called, has been lately established in Drogheda, the first resolution of which is, that the society shall meet once a week, and have but one meat dish for dinner, consisting either of *pork griskings* or *mutton chops!*

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*The beauties of provincial aspiration.*—A lady being asked the other day, what book she was reading, replied, "The Companion to the Altar, Sir."

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## *Description of the* MALE ANHINGA.

THIS very singular species of bird is found in Africa; it is called by the Hottentots *Slange-Hals-Voogel* (snake-necked bird) which name characterises it in a very simple and accurate manner. Buffon, who was struck with the conformation peculiar to birds of this kind, has delineated them by a similar expression.

"The

"The anhinga" ſays he, "exhibits a reptile grafted on the body of a bird." Indeed there is no perſon, who, upon ſeeing the head and neck only of an anhinga, while the reſt of the body is hid among the foliage of the tree on which it is perched, would not take it for one of thoſe ſerpents accuſtomed to climb and reſide in trees; and the miſtake is ſo much the eaſier, as all its torturous motions ſingularly favour the illuſion.

In whatever ſituation the anhinga may be ſeen, whether perched on a tree, ſwimming in the water, or flying in the air, the moſt apparent and remarkable part of its body is ſure to be its long and ſlender neck, which is continually agitated by an oſcillatory motion, unleſs in its flight, when it becomes immoveable and extended, and forms with its tail a perfectly ſtraight and horizontal line.

The true place which nature ſeems to have aſſigned to the anhingas, in the numerous claſs of the palmipedes, is exactly between the cormorant and the grebe. They partake, indeed, equally of both theſe genera of birds, having the ſtraight ſlender bill and the long neck of the latter; while they approach the former by the conformity of their feet, the four toes of which are joined by a ſingle membrane. They partake alſo of the cormorant by their flight; having like it the wings larger and fitter for the purpoſe, than thoſe of the grebe, which are ſhort and weak. The tail of the anhinga is extremely long: a characteriſtic very ſingular and remarkable in a water fowl, and which ought, it would ſeem, to render them totally diſtinct from diving birds, which, in general, have little or no tail.

By this trait, they approach ſtill nearer to the cormorants; for though the tails of the latter are ſhorter, the tails of both have a great reſemblance to each other, ſince their quills are equally ſtrong, elaſtic, and proper to form a rudder when theſe fowls ſwim through the water in purſuit of fiſh, which conſtitute their principal nouriſhment. When the anhinga ſeizes a fiſh, he ſwallows it entire, if it be ſmall enough, and if too large he carries it off to a rock, or the ſtump of a tree, and, fixing it under one of his feet, tears it to pieces with his bill.

Though water is the favourite element of this bird, it builds its neſt and rears its young on rocks and trees; but it takes great care to place them in ſuch a manner that it can precipitate them into a river as ſoon as they are able to ſwim, or the ſafety of the little family may require it.

There are, in general, few animals ſo fierce and ſo cunning as diving birds; but the one here deſcribed ſurpaſſes in ſagacity all the other ſpecies, particularly when ſurpriſed ſwimming; for it is then very difficult, indeed impoſſible to kill it, as its head, which is the only part expoſed, plunges and diſappears the inſtant the flint touches the hammer of the fuſee; and if once miſſed, it is in vain to think of approaching it a ſecond time, as it never ſhews itſelf more, but at very great diſtances, and then only for the moment neceſſary for breathing. In ſhort, ſo cunning is this bird, that it will often baffle the ſportſman, by plunging at the diſtance of a hundred paces above him, and riſing again to breathe at the diſtance of more than a thouſand paces below him; and

and if it has the good fortune to find any reeds, it conceals itself there, and entirely disappears.

The male anhinga differs from the female, which is smaller, in having the whole under part of the body, from the breast to the root of the tail, of a beautiful black, while the latter has the same parts of a yellow isabella colour. It has also, on each side of its neck, a white stripe, which extends from the eye to the middle of its length, and intersects a reddish ground. A very singular characteristic, common to all the anhinghas, is that of having the feathers of the bird deeply striated, and as it were ribbed.

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## *Extraordinary* SPORTING PERFORMANCES.

*(Continued from page 136.)*

1788.

JULY 11th, in a cricket match played on Felley-green, at Cobham, between eleven married women, and eleven maids of Surry, Sarah Norcross, one of the latter, fetched 107 runs from her own bat.

September 2d, a man, for a bet of 30 guineas, at six o'clock, set off from Bishopsgate church to walk to Colchester and back again before 8 o'clock the following day. He performed it in an hour and a half less time than was allowed him.

October 11th, a man undertook, for a bet of two guineas, to go twice round the course at Ipswich, which is 4 miles, in half an hour. He performed it in 28 minutes and 40 seconds.

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1789.

January, during the frost, thirteen men brought a waggon with a ton of coals, from Loughborough, in Leicestershire, to Carlton house, as a present to the Prince of Wales (who gave them 20 guineas.) They performed their journey, which is 111 miles, in 11 days, and drew it all the way without any relief.

March 15th, a gentleman of Edinburgh walked to Glasgow for a considerable bet. He set off from Edinburgh at half past six in the morning, attended by several persons on horseback who were interested in the wager, and arrived at Whitbourn (21 miles) 16 minutes before 11 o'clock, stopt there half an hour to breakfast, and arrived at the Saracen's head, Glasgow, eight minutes past four. By the bet he was allowed 12, but performed it with ease in 9 hours and 38 seconds.

September, Mr. John Stuart, of Dunkeld, in Scotland, aged 80, for a wager, walked from thence to London, being 450 miles, in 4 days and 6 hours. Eighteen hours less than what was allowed him.

October, Prince Litchtenstein and a party of 11 other gentlemen, in Germany, had this extraordinary sport in one day: They were out 14 hours, and killed 39000 pieces of game. The game was of all sorts, but chiefly hare and patridge.

Another day, but shorter, Sir W. Hamilton, the King of Naples, and three gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Caserte, killed 800 pieces of game. Six hundred and forty of them were patridges.

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1790.

March 12, at Edinburgh, ended the long main of cocks between Mr. Hamilton, of Wishaw, and Mr. Cheape, of Sauchie, when each of them gained three battles.

What

What is very remarkable, after a fortnight's fighting neither party gained the main, both having won an equal number of battles.

1792.

November 7th, the coachman belonging to John Palmer Chicheſter, Eſq. being ſent expreſs for a phyſician, rode a horſe of his maſter's from Arlington to Exeter, a diſtance of 47 miles, and a bad road, in 3 hours and 47 minutes. The weight of the coachman was about 14 ſtone. The horſe was very well after it.

1793.

June 24th, Mr. Delme, jun. rode to London on one horſe from Colnbrook, in ſomething leſs than 44 minutes, the diſtance is 17 miles, and the bet, which was very conſiderable, depended upon the riding it in three quarters of an hour.

— 28th, a bet of half a guinea was decided betweet two brickmakers, of Leeds, one propoſed making 5000 bricks as ſoon as the other, who was lame, made 4000, when the lame man actually compleated 4277 in 7 hours, while the other had done no more than 3927.

1794.

April 7th, a Jew pedlar, for a wager of 25 guineas, went on foot from Hyde park corner to Radcliffe church, Briſtol, in twenty hours.

July 7th, a gentleman ſet out from Oxford to ride a match againſt time, From Oxford to London and back again (108 miles) in twelve hours, with change of horſes, which he performed in 8 hours and a half.

— 26th, at Edinburgh races, the noblemens and gentlemens purſe of fifty guineas was won by

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lord A. Hamilton's bay h | — | 4 | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Mr. Baird's Trimmer | | 3 | 2 | 1 | 2 |
| Mr. Garwood's Freeman | | 1 | 3 | dr | |
| Mr. Gregion's Archer | | 2 | dr | | |
| Mr. Swann's Rattler | | diſt | | | |
| Mr. Robb's Bonny Laſs | | diſt | | | |

This was a moſt excellent race, and as keenly conteſted as any ever run over Leith Sands. The firſt heat was very cloſe between Freeman and Archer and won by the former by half a length. The ſecond heat was gained by a head. The third by rather leſs. And the laſt by half a length.

December 11th, Richard Brown, of Peterchurch, in the county of Hereford, who is in the 115 year of his age, walked to Hereford and returned to Peterchurch, a diſtance of 24 miles, within the ſpace of 8 hours.

## *A* Card.

*To the* Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine,

Gentlemen,

If the following card, which has been lately iſſued at Shute, near this place, is worthy inſertion, by ſo doing you will much oblige

Your humble ſervant,

*Axminſter, Jan.* 19, 1797.

"Peter Palmer, doctor, dentis, man-midwife, grocer, ſhu makur, mends womens ſhus and ſhus horſes on reſon able turms; likewis taiches danſin as alſo the practiſin of the wiolin and bugel horn. N. B. A neat ſingel hos ſhais for to be lett at five ſhilin a day. Sels bred, buttur and chees—alſo in like manner, ginger, bread and caks.—I ſhall bait a badger on Eaſter

Easter Tuesday. Tickets to be had of Mrs. Marthur Pratt, admittance 3d.

N. B. An assistant is wanted for my brother the gamekeeper in the next parish."

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*For the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

## CHRONOLOGY *relative to* SPORTS, GAMES, &c.

ARCHERS, 4000 surrounded the Parliament House ready to destoy the king and members of parliament. The company of archers were incorporated in London 1539.

Archery introduced by the Saxons, in the time of Vortigern; dropt immediately after the conquest, but revived by the Crusaders, they having felt the effects of it from the Saracens, who, probably derived it from the Parthians. It is singular, that all the statutes for the encouragement of archery are since the invention of gunpowder and fire-arms.

Bells, invented by Paulinus Bishop of Nola, in Campania, about 400; the first tunable set hung up in England, at Croyland Abbey, Lincolnshire, 945.

Bear-baiting, a favourite diversion in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 1580.

Bows and arrows introduced by William I. 1066, were in use with stone cannon balls so late as 1640.

Bull, the first baited at Stamford, Lincolnshire, 1209.

Bull-running at Tulbury, Staffordshire, 1374.

Bull-fights in Spain, succeeded the ancient tournaments, 1560.

Cards-playing introduced to divert the melancholy of Charles VI. king of France, about 1390.

Chess, the game of, invented 608, before Christ.

Coaches first used in England 1576. An act passed to prevent men from riding in coaches as effeminate, 43 Elizabeth, 1605. In the hard winter 1757, the nobility of France as they could not ride on horseback, were drawn about in casks. Coaches began to ply for hire in the streets of London 1626. Fifty hackney coaches allowed therein. Increased to 1000 in 1770.—By the duty on coaches it appeared in 1778, 23,000 were kept in England.

Cock-fighting, instituted after a victory over the Persians, by the Romans 476, before Christ.

Dice, invented by Palamedes, about the time of the Trojan war.

Falconry, the amusement of the great in the eleventh century.

Fencing-schools in London prohibited, as introductory to duels, 1285.

Game, first act for preserving it passed in 1496.—1753, and 1785.—The game laws are peculiar to the northern parts of Europe; they were never thought of by the Greeks or Romans. They were first occasioned by falconry, and therefore the heron is deemed game, it being the noblest bird the falcon could fly at. In Charles the first's time no person shot flying it being reckoned unfair; what is called poaching was the gentleman's recreation.

Gaming, excessive, introduced into England by the Saxons; the loser was often a slave to the winner, and sold in traffic like other merchandise. An act to prevent fraudulent and excessive gaming, where all private lotteries and the games of Pharaoh, Basset, and Hazzard

Hazzard were suppressed 12 Geo. II. 1739.

Grosvenor square center house raffled for, valued at 10,000l. June 10th, 1739.

Gotham, history of the wise men of, was, in the reign of Henry VIIIth, accounted a book of wit, and alluded to certain sports and customs, by which the people of Gotham, in Lincolnshire held their lands. The histories of Reynard the Fox, Tom Thumb, &c. were then in great estimation.

Isthmean games, or combats in the Isthmus of Darien, intitled by Sysiphus, King of Corinth, in honour of Neptune, fifteen years after the rape of Ganymede 1326, B. C.

Lottery, the first mentioned in the English history, began drawing at the western door of St. Paul's Cathedral, January 11th, 1569, aud continued day and night till May 8th, 11th. of of Elizabeth. The first for raising money for the government service by act of parliament, 5th, William and Mary, 1693. For the establishment of the British Museum, 1752. The Adelphi buildings disposed of by lottery, 1773. Cox's Museum ditto, 1784. Sir Ashton Lever's Museum disposed of by lottery, March 1786.

Nemean games instituted by Adrastus 1226 before Christ.

Olympiads; these were games instituted at Olympia, by Pelops, in honour of Jupiter, 1307. They were revived by the Greeks (who computed time by them) about 400 years after the destruction of Troy.

Parthian games first instituted 1262 before Christ.

Piquet and several other games on cards invented, by Jaquemin, about 1390.



Sports allowed on Sunday evenings 1617; Charles the Ist, published a book on this occasion 1633; which was burnt by the hangman 1643.

Tributes of wolves heads, killed in hunting, in England 961.

Wolves, their heads demanded as a tribute, particularly 300 from Wales yearly, by King Edgar, A. D. 971, by which step they were totally destroyed.

Yew trees ordered to be planted in church yards, for the making of bows used in archery 1483.

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*For the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

## *Passages of a* TRUE STORY *of a fatal* SPORTING ADVENTURE.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

OH! Romeo, Romeo, what a creature wert thou?—how courteous—how sagacious—how well tempered.—

He was descended, madam, from a glorious line—the son of a noble stock—venerable from his pedigree—royal in his extraction, and to crown his character, he was the favourite companion of a dear friend of mine who is now no more.

In one of the sharpest days, and yet one of the fairest this winter has produced, the youthful Flavian prepared with his gun and his Romeo to take the diversions of the field;—happiest of men—happiest of dogs.—They were particularly lucky, and it was a day of eminent success—this pointed the game—that brought it to the ground—the net was soon crouded with the spoil—but as Flavian was returning——

Notwithstanding the elevation of your rank, your Ladyship must have had frequent occasion to deplore the capricious uncer-

 tainty

tainty of ſublunary enjoyments;—muſt have ſeen the eye, that in the preſent moment ſparkled with hope, the next riſing with deſpair—and tears uſurp the features which an hour before were dimpled with joy; this indeed is ſo hackneyed and univerſal a fact, that I ſhould beg your pardon for digreſſing into a parentheſis about it.

As Flavian was returning to his houſe, and Romeo was ranging the ſkirts of a copſe, rather in the way of wantonneſs than induſtry—knowing, perhaps that the buſineſs of the day was done—juſt as the winding of the thicket meander'd into an elbow that jutted into the field, Romeo broke ſhort his ſtep and ſtood fixed in an attitude, which put Flavian on his guard. In the next inſtant a hare ſtarted from the buſhes, and ran trembling to the oppoſite hedge-row, on the other ſide of which was a ſhaded lane that led to Flavian's villa. There is an enthuſiaſm which ſeizes the ſportſman at the ſight of ſudden game. With that ſort of inſpiration was Flavian now ſeized, who, levelling his gun at the mark (with an aim too fatally erring) depoſited the charge in the boſom of——mighty God!—I want fortitude to go on!—

Flavian, madam, had—a wife—unhappily for him, ſhe was tempted by the fineneſs of the morning and the report of his fowling piece at no great diſtance, to ſtroll from her houſe, and (as was ſometimes her tender cuſtom) intended to haſten his return, not only to enjoy his ſociety, but to put an end to the depredations of the day. The ſound of the gun had ſcarcely died upon the air, when a ſound of a different kind ſaluted the ear: Flavian daſhed through the hedge, and ſaw his Maria extended along the pathway, which was over-hung by the buſhes, and her boſom was bathed in that blood which ſhe now found had been ſhed by her huſband. In purſuing the game, Romeo firſt diſcovered his miſtreſs, and with his fore feet upon her lap was mourning over her wounds: the agony was ſo legible in his countenance, that if he had had the power of ſpeech, it would be impoſſible to deſcribe it.

The huſband—ah, madam! in theſe caſes, as I have juſt remarked, the brute and the man are alike; ſince both muſt deliver over to the dumb ſenſations of the heart, a language neither ſcience nor inſtinct can teach them to articulate—all that can be ſaid or done is dull painting—he ſtruck his breaſt, caſt an eye of aſtoniſhment at heaven, and fell ſpeechleſs by her ſide;—the poor woman ſaw his agony—made an effort to embrace him, but ſunk exhauſted on his breaſt.

A ſervant of Flavian's, who had been on a meſſage, now appeared upon the road, in the lane. Romeo ran to him, leaped round his horſe, looked up to the man, and led the way to the ſcene of death;—the ſervant rode away on the ſpur, to alarm the family at the manſion houſe; in the mean time the laſt endearments were faintly interchanged betwixt Flavian and Maria—to the latter articulation was ſoon denied—but ſhe by ſome means got her huſband in her arms, and in that ſituation expired. The diſtreſs of Flavian affected not even yet his tongue;—the dear body, mangled as it was, could not be torn from him, and both he and the unhappy lady were carried to that

that apartment from which they had parted a few hours before in the highest gaiety of wedded hearts, and in the warmest ardours of youthful expectation.

And now comes on the business of poor Romeo;—Flavian fell sick—Romeo was the very centinel of his door, and the nurse of his chamber;—a fever followed, which at length touched Flavian on the brain, and in the violence of the delirium he struck his poor attendant Romeo, who so far from resenting the blow, licked very lovingly the hand that gave it. Madness shifted into melancholy. Romeo was still by the side of the bed, fearful to step even on the carpet. After this the fever returned, and burning its way to the heart, in a few days defied physic, and united his ashes to those of the beloved Maria. From the room in which he died, no force or contrivance could seduce Romeo, till the moment in which he was put into the coffin and the people concerned in his funeral began to deem it necessary to destroy the dog, which resisted all their measures, but especially their carrying him away; at length he suffered it; but followed them close, and was perhaps the most sincere mourner. As soon as Flavian was committed to the earth, his faithful Romeo took dominion of the spot, and was the centry of his grave;—grief and hunger had exhausted every thing—but his attachment—yet he never was heard to whine, but after lying till nature could do no more, he was at length found dead at the foot of the tomb;—thus the master expired, and the servant found it impossible to survive him.

Methinks I see your Ladyship shed a tear to the complicated misfortunes of this family; I congratulate you upon it.—Fye upon the heart that is ashamed to feel—and wither'd be the cheek that (in defiance of the impulses of nature) is kept dry by the maxims of fashion.

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## On the Care and Management of Draft Horses, *as communicated in a Letter to* Mr. Taplin, *Author of the Gentleman's Stable Directory and other Publications on Veterinary Subjects.*

"Sir,

"HAVING read with pleasure your late publications on the management, &c. of horses, and understanding that you are the only author, who has taken into consideration the present, and the too frequent and indifferent treatment of those useful animals, for heavy draft, and observing lately, that in many places some attention has been shewn to your remarks on stable management, induces me, now to lay before you, a few observations of my own, on the mode of feeding and stabling cart horses; being the result of much experience, in the country, which I found to answer.

"That my method may be easier understood, I have accompanied this, with a plan of the interior of a stable properly fitted-up for that purpose, and which will be equally useful for post, or machine horses.*

"And should you think the draft, and observations worthy of public notice, you have my leave to introduce them in any future

* The Proprietors of the Sporting Magazine, propose in their next number to present the subscribers with an engraving from the plan mentioned in the above letter.

 work

work you may publiſh, or in any other way you may think proper."

"For the well and regular feeding of cart horſes, I found it to be indiſpenſibly neceſſary to place them in ſhort ſtalls, that each one might eat his allowance of corn, &c. with the leiſure that his age, or the ſtate of his teeth might r q ire; having ſeen many who have ſuffered for want of this precaution. The objections to ſtalls, ſuch as are uſually put up for carriage or ſaddle horſes (being from ſeven to nine feet in length) are many, and ſome of them well founded.

"The owners of draft horſes, complain principally of the extra expence, and additional room required in putting up long ſtalls; and the carters find them not convenient to dreſs or harneſs a horſe in, the geers and trace ſticks, being in the way, and grumble much at the additional trouble given them in feeding each horſe ſeparately; but this laſt objection ought by no means to be attended to.

"In the ſhort ſtall I have uſed, and now recommend, agreeable to my plan, no more room will be requi ed than is uſually allowed in an open ſtable.

"The depth or length of my petition not being more than four feet; coming juſt behind the horſe's ſhoulder, gives him the ſame ſpace to lay down in, to be dreſs'd and harneſs'd, as if he ſtood in an open ſtable; and as a horſe tucks up his fore feet when at reſt, like a greyhound laying down, I have always found that four feet and a half in width, gave ſufficient room for his fore quarters; the height of the partition being ſeven feet or more, prevents them putting their heads over the ſtalls, and I have never had an accident, as horſes will not ſtrike or bite when they don't ſee each other; and there will ſtill be the neceſſary free circulation of the air over their heads, as the partition ſhould not reach the ceiling.

"In reſpect to lofts or hay chambers over ſtables (however neceſſary in confined ſituations) I by no means approve of in the country, as the hay is never ſo good and ſweet, as when brought in daily from a ſtack or a Dutch hay barn. Beſides an idle carter will ſeldom give his horſe a ſufficient quantity of manger meat; if he can ſtep into an hay loft and rack down his team in nearly the ſame time which will be required to feed one horſe properly with ſifted chaff, and I have met with ſuch fellows. In the north of England, moſt of the lofts over the new erected ſtables are converted into grainaries, and the hay ſtack'd behind the building, or put into an open hay barn adjoining to it. The chaff bin ſhould be built nearly centrical in the ſtable, which, (if large) ſhould have two, from five to ſeven feet ſquare, each; and if not conveniently placed, an idle fellow will not make that frequent uſe of it in feeding he ought. The ſort of chaff I wiſh to be underſtood to mean, and have always given, was made from the firſt crop clover-hay, with about one third wheat ſtraw cut together, by a machine, and what is better, winter tares and barley mown and made into hay.

"I condemn, with you, the feeding with the duſt and rubbiſh called chaff, taken from the barn floor, which at beſt, when well ſifted, is only proper for out lying young ſtock, or working oxen.

"Each carter ſhould have a corn cheſt, with a lock and key, large

large enough to hold the weekly allowance of corn for a team of four horſes, with a quartern meaſure to take out regularly the feeds to mix with the chaff, in a proper ſieve. Theſe bins ſhould be conveniently placed on low frames upon the ground. In reſpect to the quantity of corn, the ſort of horſes I have uſed were clean-legged active ones, about fifteen hands high; with them I have always found, that the allowance of ſix buſhels of oats, to each team of four, per week, in the ſowing ſeaſon, and, when carrying out corn to market in the winter, a ſufficient quantity.

"Giving them alſo, and conſtantly, in the other parts of the year, and during ſummer, when eating, tares, or green clover; four buſhels each team, per week, with plenty of the cut chaff already mentioned: filling their racks at night, when there was no green food, with meadow hay.

"I condemn, as very bad management, the too frequent practice, with farmers, of turning out their horſes, ſuch as are ſuppoſed not to be wanted in the winter, to ſtarve (as is often the caſe) in their yards, upon ſtraw, peas haum, &c. Such cattle, when taken up in the ſpring, are found much below their work; requiring for ſome time extra food —proving that there is no œconomy, or ſaving, in ſuch a wretched plan.

"When, from the price of oats or other circumſtances, I have given my horſes beans or peaſe, (which were always ſplit,) have conſtantly allowed, weekly, four buſhels of bran, with their chaff, to each team; and obſerve alſo, my horſes ſtood in the ſtable the year round.

"In a ſtable where the horſes feed in a ſingle row, the geers may be placed upon pins in the wall behind them; in large ones, and the ſtandings are many, and probably two ſets of geers are uſed, one for the field work and the other for the road, a convenient harneſs-houſe ſhould be erected in the ſtable. I much diſapprove of thoſe double ſtables which have ſtandings on each ſide, and are common in Norfolk, being too cloſe, and always dangerous.

"In reſpect to the mode of working horſes upon a farm, going two journeys a day, (bringing them home at noon to bait,) as is the cuſtom in Norfolk, Suffolk, ſome parts of Eſſex, and Yorkſhire, I have found to be a good one, from the month of March to October; but in the winter ſeaſon, too much time is loſt in going backwards and forwards, unleſs the lands lay round the farm very contiguous indeed.

"Working oxen will not, I know, bear the hurry of two journeys a day, requiring reſt after they have cleared their racks or mangers, but have always found them to ſtand well eight hours work daily, when properly drove and fed. Mine being worked in ſingle harneſs, were nearly as expeditious as my own horſes, and more ſo than the large rough-legged ones of my neighbours.

"I am convinced there are but few farms in the kingdom, excepting thoſe upon flint or a keen gravel, where two or more teams are kept, but that one of oxen may be advantageouſly employed, and they do as well as horſes confined in a yard, in ſummer, upon tares, ryegraſs and clover mown daily for them.

"Having now haſtily drawn together the obſervations which have occurred to me on the ma-

nage-

nagement of draft cattle, I ſhall be glad to ſee your remarks thereon, which I can, if you approve, through the medium of the Sporting Magazine; and Mr. Wheble, the editor, I make no doubt, will give them a corner.

"I am, Sir,
"Your's, &c.

"*London*, "T. S.
"*Jan.* 18, 1797."

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SNIPE SHOOTING.

IN addition to the etchings already given, deſcriptive of the various ſports of the field, we this month preſent our ſubſcribers with a copper-plate on the ſubject of ſnipe-ſhooting. As this ſpecies of diverſion is ſo well known to ſportſmen in general, it is unneceſſary for us to ſay more on the ſubject, than we wiſh it may meet their approbation.

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PROCLAMATION *of* CHARLES I. *reſpecting the Manufacture of* GUNPOWDER.

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*To the* EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

FROM your polite invitation, and ready inſertion of my laſt, I have now ſent you a ſecond article touching the hiſtory of gunpowder. Notwithſtanding much has been ſaid by many writers on this ſubject already, I do not recollect ever ſeeing the following anecdotes in any treatiſe whatever; and ſhould you conſider it in any degree intereſting to your readers, I doubt not but that you will lay it before them.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your humble ſervant,
D. B. CURWEN.

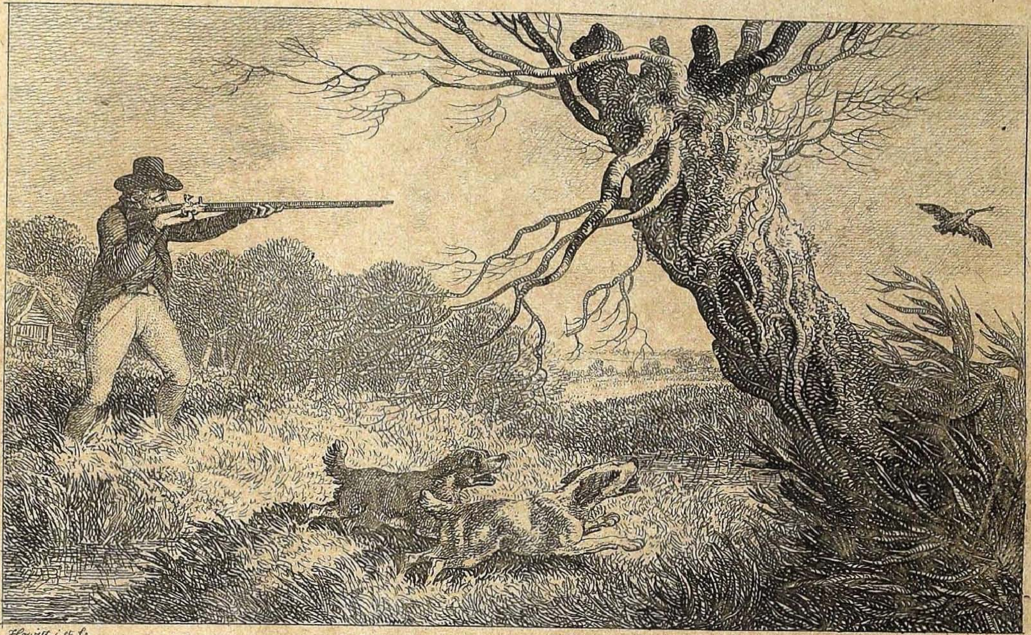
*Worceſter, Jan.* 14, 1797.

In the year 1625, Charles the Firſt iſſued a proclamation reſpecting the manufacture of gunpowder, which is to the following effect:—

"For the maintenance and increaſe of the ſalt-petre mines of England for the neceſſary and important manufacture of gunpowder, as it is known that our realm naturally yields ſufficient mines of ſalt-petre, (crede qui vult) without depending on foreign parts, wherefore for the future, no dovehouſe ſhall be paved with ſtone, bricks, nor boards, lime, ſand, nor gravel, nor any other thing whereby the growth and increaſe of the mine of ſalt-petre may be hindered or impaired; but the proprietors ſhall ſuffer the floors or ground thereof, as alſo all ſtables where horſes ſtand, to lie open with good and mellow earth, fit to breed increaſe of the ſaid mine of ſalt-petre. And that none hinder or deny any ſalt-petre man, lawfully deputed thereto, from digging, taking, or working any ground which by commiſſion may be taken and wrought for ſalt-petre. Neither ſhall any conſtable, or other officer, neglect to furniſh any ſuch ſalt-petre men with convenient carriages, that the king's ſervice ſuffer not. None ſhall bribe any ſalt-petre man for the ſparing or forbearing any ground fit to be wrought for ſalt-petre. That all dovehouſes and other places digged for ſalt-petre, be, when the earth thereof is wrought over, laid ſmooth and flat again, as before.—That no ſalt-petre be exported, neither ſold at home to any but the king's powder-maker, who ſhall not receive, for any powder ſold by him to any of the king's ſubjects, above 10d. per pound weight."

About eleven years after (1636) his majeſty appointed a commiſ-

ſion



Howitt i et f.

SNIPE SHOOTING,

Publisſhed as the Act directs, Feb.y 1st 1797 by I. Wheble, Warwick Square, London.

ſion, for receiving, of two of his gunpowder makers, "All the powder they ſhall make, at ſeven pence half-penny per pound weight, and for again ſelling the ſame out to his ſubjects, at ſuch prices as they (the commiſſioners) ſhall from time to time fix."

And now, it ſeems, this monarch had found out, notwithſtanding "his ſufficient mines," that it would be neceſſary to "import ſalt-petre from foreign parts," but prohibits the "importation of foreign gunpowder, and directs his officers not to take above one ſhilling and ſix-pence per pound weight for gunpowder ſold to his ſubjects; (very *moderate* profits) and that no retailer thereof ſhall ſell it again for above one ſhilling and eight pence in London, or within thirty miles thereof; if in the country, and above thirty miles, one ſhilling and eight-pence halfpenny."

Nor was it till the year 1640, that this curious proclamation and commiſſion was ſuſpended, and an act of parliament paſſed, granting "liberty to all men to make their own gunpowder."

From this period Dr. Burn has taken up this ſubject, to whoſe treatiſes thereon I refer you for further information.

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*For the* Sporting Magazine.

## *Obſervations on the* SEX *of* BIRDS, *particularly* PARTRIDGES *and* PHEASANTS.

Communicated by a Correſpondent.

IN the days of my juvenility ſhooting was a ſpecies of ſport in which I took great delight. In one of theſe excurſions, accompanied by a friend, I brought down a pheaſant, which we concluded to be an hermaphrodite, as its feathers ſo much reſembled thoſe of a cock bird, only fainter in their luſtre. Some years after, however, I had the pleaſure of receiving full ſatisfaction as to this circumſtance; for being upon a viſit to a gentleman who kept pheaſants, I there ſaw ſeveral hens in the ſtate above deſcribed, and others beginning to change, which, I was told, was a common thing, and that they never bred afterwards. And, in confirmation of this aſſertion, during our converſation upon the ſubject, the gamekeeper of a neighbouring baronet came to beg ſome hens, for all his were changed, and conſequently would breed no more.

The change begins at the breaſt, where thoſe beautiful feathers are ſeen in the cock bird; and though ſome of the hens, which were but young, had only a few feathers changed in that part, yet I was aſſured, that all thoſe hens would ceaſe laying eggs in a year or two, and be totally changed. But though this be not uncommon with tame birds, yet I apprehend it is otherwiſe in their wild ſtate, becauſe I never ſaw but the one abovementioned; my companion alſo was of the ſame opinion, who, being an excellent markſman, had killed great numbers of pheaſants, but never before ſeen one of this deſcription.

Whether the ſame change takes place in the nature of partridges or not, I am ignorant. Yet ſome years ago, I was with a friend, who had in his garden a covey of partridges that had been bred there, and were uſed to come into a baſket every evening, I obſerved that ſeveral of them had two or three coloured feathers on their breaſts, which I took notice of

of to him as something singular. But I do not recollect to have seen the like in wild birds. The difference between the cock and hen partridge, except the horse-shoe on the breast of the former, is so small, that a change in the latter, similar to that in the pheasant, may not readily be observed; but sportsmen in general very well know that it is common to find two, three, or more old cock-birds together, without a hen, at the beginning of the season. What may be the reason of this, I know not: whether any of them may be hens changed, like the pheasants, and so past breeding; or whether they be really cocks. For, as in the human species, Providence, for very wise reasons, sends into the world more males than females; so, in several species of the fowl kind, we generally find the number of cocks exceeding that of hens. And this, if I may be allowed to conjecture, is a very wise provision, in pheasants particularly, because the cock is of a more ranging disposition than the hen, and consequently more liable to be found, and he is moreover a larger and more tempting mark. And the cock partridge, by his chattering when he rises, is more likely to attract the notice of the fowler than the hen, who is silent.

B. B.

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*For the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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## PARISIAN BAGATELLE.

JAN. 9.

LOVE recognizes neither dignity nor rank, admits neither distance nor etiquette. A shepherdess sits at the table of a love-sick king, as an opera-actress gains admittance to the banquets of an ambassador. The Marquis del Campo, already distinguished at Paris by his fugitive amours, wooes Clotilda, the opera-dancer, with a passion perfectly Spanish. He adores her—he pays her the most particular attention. The fact is well known. A few days ago he had invited to dinner the whole diplomatic corps M. Monro and his wife, and the Director, Barras. The object of the tenderness of the Marquis displayed herself upon the occasion in a very brilliant manner. The glory and the honours of the entertainment seemed destined for his adorable mistress. Six o'clock struck. Barras, for whom they had waited in vain, not being disposed to visit Venus that evening, sent a message that he could not come. Dinner was served up. The Venetian Ambassador sat next the Marquis del Campo. He exposes to the latter the irreverence of his proceeding, reproaches him with having exposed his dignity, wounded the honour of his wife, and abused the respectable character of the personages whom he had assembled. The Spanish Ambassador made his apologies like a passionate lover. Venetian pride was not satisfied.—They withdrew into the drawing-room to take coffee.—The Venetian Ambassador in great wrath leaves the house with his wife, who disdains to look upon the cause of the quarrel. M. Monro takes his coffee, and sneaks off too, his wife along with him, who regrets the pleasures which she expected the evening to afford. The music was already heard, and announced a brilliant concert.

Love! potent divinity, that unites and enlivens so many hearts which birth had placed at a distance; it is thy province to avenge

thy

thy mother from this insolent disdain!

It is said, that at the ball which the Dutch Ambassador gave, a few nights ago, matters were conducted with more harmony. Never was there a more brilliant entertainment. The Editor of the Miroir, who, doubtless, was in waiting, gives so detailed an account of it, that he has not even forgotten the punch which was drank before sun-rise.

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## DRAMATIC EXTRACTS.

### JACK FLOURISH,

*From the new Comic Opera of* "ABROAD AND AT HOME."

*See an account of this Piece in our Magazine, No.* 50, *page* 93.

SCENE III.—*King's-bench Prison.*

*Enter a* Servant *belonging to the Prison.*

*Servant.*

MR. Flourish, Sir, has sent you the book of travels he borrow'd; and says he will call on you presently.

*Harc.* That good humour'd, whimsical fellow, Flourish, is always welcome to me.

*Serv.* It is queer enough that his father, Sir Simon Flourish, should be humm'd so as to think he is going the Tour of Europe, when all the while, he never got a step farther than St. George's fields. [*Exit.*

*Harc.* Here he comes.

[*Young* Flourish *singing without.*

Over the Hills, &c.

*Enter in a shabby light colour'd coat, with black breeches and boots.*

*Young Flou.* Ah! my boy, Harcourt, how are you?

*Harc.* Why Jack, what makes you booted?

*Young Flou.* A man ought to be booted, when he's on a journey. An't I going the Tour of Europe?

*Harc.* Oh! I beg your pardon. I had forgot; but you don't seem furnish'd with a very elegant riding-dress—boots and black are not very correct—hey!

*Young Flou.* The customs of countries differ; but to tell you the truth, so much travelling has made vast havock among my leather, and as for my black small clothes, I wear them as mourning for the demise of my last colour'd pair.

*Harc.* But my dear Jack, what can be the joke of your staying in this sad place?

*Young Flou.* All the joke was in getting here. Staying is not quite so comical.

*Harc.* But, Jack, I must know what brought you here?

*Young Flou.* Poll.

*Harc.* Poll!—What Poll?

*Young Flou.* Not know Poll?—Where the devil have you lived?—Not know Poll?—Why Poll is the rage—In Hyde Park every morning—rides the best horse—drives the best curricle—gives the best dinners—damme, the first Dutchess in the land envies Poll!

*Harc.* I beg Poll's pardon for not knowing her.

*Young Flou.* So you ought, for Poll's familiar and kind, she'd have no objection to knowing you. But the thing is, father said I shou'd be a Man of Fashion, and so I am, an't I?—Damme, you still look at my legs—well, black legs don't make me a bit less a Man of Fashion.

*Harc.* Oh! by no means.

*Young Flou.* Well—But about Poll.—As I was to be a Man of Fashion, who so proper to make me one as Poll? Poll has made and unmade half the fine men of

of the day. I kept Poll when I was at ſchool; Poll ſtuck to me at college; and when father fix'd I ſhould travel, and ſee the world, who ſo fit to ſhew it me as Poll?

*Harc.* Well, why didn't Poll ſhew it you?

*Young Flou.* She did, ſhe ſhew'd me here.

*Harc.* But why not take her abroad with you?

*Young Flou.* She wou'd not go. Poll ſaid ſhe wou'd do any thing but croſs the water with me. And I could not find in my heart to go abroad without her. So I touch'd father's caſh, and reſolv'd to finiſh my education in my own country.

*Harc.* Very patriotic, truly!

*Young Flou.* Well, father went to Bath—I ſtaid in town—the money flew—Poll knew how to daſh it. When all was gone, it was natural enough to come here, you know.

*Harc.* But how were you able to leave Poll?

*Young Flou.* She did not trouble me to think about that: when the money was gone, Poll left me.

*Harc.* So Poll wou'd not follow your fortunes to the King's bench!—How unkind!

*Young Flou.* So I told her— "Ah, Poll!" ſaid I, "'tis damn'd ill-natured to leave me."

*Harc.* And what did ſhe ſay?

*Young Flou.* She only laugh'd and ſaid,—"She told me at firſt, ſhe'd do any thing but croſs the water with me."

*Harc.* You muſt throw yourſelf on your father's mercy at laſt, and the ſooner you do it the better.

Servant *brings in a Letter.*

*Young Flou.* For me?

*Serv.* No, Sir,—for Mr. Harcourt.

*Young Flou.* Ah! nobody writes to me.

*Harc.* *(Reads.)* "I am led to believe the encloſ'd notes will liberate you. They are ſent for that purpoſe." — Aſtoniſhing!—No name.—Does any body wait?

*Serv.* No, Sir. [*Exit.*

*Harc.* This muſt be from my dear girl.

*Young Flou.* Ah! you are a happy fellow! Your dear girl writes to you. Though Poll would not croſs the water, ſhe might ſend me a letter now and then. It is damn'd unkind.—— But no, no, poor girl, I ſhou'dn't ſcold her for what ſhe can't help. I ought to remember, Poll can't write.

*Harc.* This muſt be my Harriot's generoſity. Charming girl! How could ſhe diſcover my ſituation?—But what will not love diſcover?—

*Young Flou.* So, you're going to leave me. 'Tis deviliſh hard to be cut by every body.

*Harc.* Depend on it, my dear fellow, I will be with you ſoon.

*Young Flou.* Ah! do come and ſee me. Don't be like Poll, afraid of croſſing the water.

*Harc.* No, Jack—depend upon it. Adieu!—Now to my charming girl.—— [*Exit.*

*Young Flou.* Ah! your's is a charming girl, indeed, to ſend you money.—If Poll had a million, I dare ſay ſhe wou'dn't think of ſending me a ſhilling, and yet ſhe us'd to ſay ſhe lov'd me vaſtly.

[Here follows the ſong, "When to my Pretty Poll I went," which ſee in our Laſt Magazine, page 162.]

SCENE IV.—*Young Testy's Chambers in the Temple. Young* TESTY *and* SNARE *at Breakfast.*

*Sna.* And so you like London prodigiously?

*Young Tes.* Hugely! What did my Quiz of a Father mean by keeping me in the country so long? I ought to have been as wise as I am now five years ago.

*Sna.* To be sure; and your knowledge wou'd not have surpriz'd people either.

*Young Tes.* No, not at all. I am not half so knowing as I ought to be, for all I was bred in Yorkshire.

*Sna.* That was in your favour.

*Young Tes.* Oh! 'twas Heaven's mercy I was pitched into a cutish county, or I shou'd never have been able to shew my face here. Why, boys of sixteen here know a great deal more than I do.

*Sna.* Boys of sixteen! Men of sixteen, you mean! Sixteen! why, 'tis the prime of a man's life! Who are your greatest men on the turf?—your men of sixteen. Who keep your dashing women in the greatest style?—your men of sixteen.

*Young Tes.* So I thought. It came into my head, that keeping your dashing women was a very young trick.

*Sna.* Every thing now is in a state of forwardness unknown to our ancestors. London may be termed an immense hot house, where every thing is forc'd. You eat your fruit before it is in season. You run through your constitution before it is matured. You spend your estate before you are in possession, and get divorced from your wife before you ought to have married. 'Tis a lively system—Is it not?

*Young Tes.* Aye, a short life and a merry one.

*Sna.* But you were out of luck last night.

*Young Tes.* Yes, a little; and when I had lost all my money; it was vastly friendly of you to lend me the 200l. but I lost them too.

*Sna.* It will happen so sometimes. A lad of spirit does not mind such trifles. I will thank you, though, to return me the money: for I am rather out of cash.

*Young Tes.* Eh!

*Sna.* I'll thank you for the 200l. I lent you.

*Young Tes.* My dear friend, I could as soon give you a million. My father does not allowance me in such a grand stile as that comes to. I must catch him in a devilish good humour, aye, and in a great many of them, before I get 200l. of him.

*Sna.* 'Tis damn'd shabby of you to borrow money you can't pay.

*Young Tes.* Is this your friendship? Why, did not you force it on me? Did not you tell me you only liv'd in obliging your friends?

*Sna.* You made a small mistake; I told you, I only liv'd *by* obliging my friends. But as it is not convenient to you to pay the money, give me your note, and it will do just as well.

*Young Tes.* Ah! now you are my friend again. I thought you would not desert me so soon. You who so kindly took me by the hand—taught me to punt at Faro, told me the nicks and crabs at Hazzard, and though you never play yourself, were so kind to introduce me to all your friends that do.

*Sna.* Here's a stamp—sign your name—I have fill'd it up. I

 thought

thought you cou'dn't pay me directly.

*Young Tes.* What is this?—"On demand, I promise to pay "Nic. Snare, Esq. 400l. value "receiv'd."—Dang it, man, you lent me but two.

*Sna.* And do you think I'm to be paid nothing for my risk? Your father may disinherit you, and I may never get a doit. No, no, I shall never live by obliging my friends at that rate.

*Young Tes.* Oh, this is damn'd scandalous! pay four hundred pounds for two, and not have the worth of a sixpence to shew for it! Damn London—I wish I had staid in Yorkshire all the days of my life.

*Sna.* It is very ungrateful of you to put yourself in a passion with *me*, who have taught you so many pretty games.

*Young Tes.* Yes, and you want to teach me another pretty game—to shew me that One and One make Four.

[*Knock at the door.*

*Old Tes.* [*Without*] Tom! Let me in.

*Young Tes.* Zounds, my father! I must open the door.

*Sna.* [*Laying hold of him.*] No, you shan't till you have settled our business.

*Old Tes.* Tom, I say, let me in.

*Young Tes.* Coming, Sir.

*Sna.* If you don't sign, I'll tell him all your pranks.

*Young Tes.* [*Signs.*] There, and the devil do you good with it. Damn Gaming—damn Swindling—and damn—[*Opens the door.*] How do you do, Sir.

*Enter* Old Testy.

*Old Tes.* How do I do? You made great haste to ask me! Why, you have company. Is this the way to pass your mornings? You ought to be at study, Sir.

*Young Tes.* This Gentleman comes to assist me in my studies, Sir.

*Old Tes.* Oh! that is very kind of him. Thank you, Sir, for all you have taught my son.

*Sna.* O, Sir, 'tis a pleasure to me.

*Old Tes.* Do you practise much at the bar, Sir?

*Sna.* Not much now, Sir. I have had in my time a pretty deal of Old Bailey practice.

*Old Tes.* And retir'd from it with your just deserts?

*Sna.* Not exactly, Sir, or I must say I should have been in a more elevated situation. Men often retire from the Bar with less than they merit.

*Old Tes.* More's the pity. Well—I will not intrude any longer, Tom. I call'd to give you money to pay for your furniture and your books; never be in debt longer than you can help. Always pay your way. There's a draft for 400l. and so good morning, and thank you kindly for all you have done for my son. [*Exit.*

*Sna.* A very good kind of an old gentleman that father of your's: mind what he says—"Never be in debt longer than you can help. Always pay your way." That 400l. will just balance our little account.

*Young Tes.* Why, you an't such a rogue?

*Sna.* You had better be correct in your language, young gentleman, or you must satisfy my honour.

*Young Tes.* Oh, damn your honour! Did not you hear my father say, it was for my Upholsterer and Bookseller? They have been for their money already, and if I don't pay them, who knows but they will send me to jail?

*Sna.* Oh, no! Tradesmen are us'd to go without their money; but

but, Gentlemen, like me, must touch the *ready*, or your character is lost for ever. So at once pay me, or I'll expose you.

*Young Tes.* There—plague take you—there is the money. And now if I don't marry directly, I must go hang myself; and of two evils——

*Sna.* Marry, by all means. Good-bye, Tom. Remember, I live by obliging my friends! [*Exit*

*Young Tes.* The devil fly away with such friends! Oh, I'm in a pretty mess! If Miss Hartley hadn't taken such a fancy to me, what wou'd have become of me! 'Tis Heaven's mercy I was a likely lad!—My beauty has sav'd my bacon. I'm in a fine way—I shall certainly be arrested—I I can't save my liberty, that is certain. All I can do is to try to lose it my own way. Of the two, 'tis better to marry than go to jail; but at whose suit I shall be obliged to surrender myself, my Wife's, or my Tradesmen's, depends entirely on whether the Bailiff, or the Parson does his business quickest. [*Exit.*

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*For the* Sporting Magazine.

## Fonthill Fete.

Salisbury, Jan. 16, 1797.

SEVERAL of the first artists in the kingdom (whose talents in their different branches have been engaged for the plans and ornaments of an abbey, a noble specimen of gothic architecture, now erecting at Fonthill,) being present there to pass the Christmas holidays, Mr. Beckford chose this occasion to give an entertainment to the numerous body of daily workmen who have been, and will long be, employed on this edifice, or on the grounds and plantations where it is situated.

On the 6th instant, being Twelfth Day, the feast was given without doors; but so far was it from being confined to the workmen, who amount to 300, that the poor in general of the two Fonthills, of the town of Hindon, and many other poor persons of the neighbourhood, altogether near 1000, received tickets to partake of it; and bread and strong beer were provided for 10,000 of the multitude of strangers, who were admitted into the park as spectators of the entertainment. The dinner to the persons invited, consisted of an ox and ten sheep, roasted whole. A very large square tent or booth, covered in the roof and covered with canvass, having seven long parallel tables, each receiving a hundred persons, was erected on the lawn, before the north front of the house, for the purpose of the dinner. At a proper distance, on one side of this capacious booth, a considerable length of brick wall, to support the necessary iron ranges, was reared for the occasion: eleven great fires, which supplied them, partly for the purpose of roasting the meat, and partly that of warming the air, may be imagined to have had a striking effect in the *coup d'œil*. On the opposite side of the booth, and in front of the house, a portion of ground was fenced out, within which was pitched a Turkish tent for the reception of Mr. Beckford, and a large company of ladies and gentlemen. In the area, between this and the dinner tent, two bonfires were lighted, and, at due distance from each, were placed two semicircular tables to receive a number of children at dinner, chiefly belonging to persons seated in the grand

grand booth. Betwixt the bonfires, sufficient space was left for the exhibition of several of the rural sports, with which the company were entertained, both before and after dinner. Prizes were given to the best wrestlers, runners, players at single stick, and those who excelled in various other performances. The game of foot-ball, on an open part of the lawn, betwixt the scene already described and the lake, afforded admirable diversion. This engaged not only the two parties concerned in the match, but put 10,000 spectators, chiefly consisting of the peasantry of both sexes, in motion, all in high glee, at the different turns of the game, and yet without riot, or any other disorder than a lively and continual change of place. This diversion, to those who beheld it from high ground at some distance, (taking in the occasional scenery combined with the views of the house, its surrounding hills, woods, and water,) formed a spectacle altogether, singularly interesting and curious. The bonfires, and all the other fires, which remained burning the whole night, with their flames and long-wreathed columns of different-coloured smoke arising among the lofty firs and unleaved oaks in the neighbourhood of the tent, still crouded by a shouting multitude, dimly seen dancing round them, displayed to spectators in the house an effect equally picturesque and uncommon.

Many gentlemen of Salisbury having signified their intention to pay their respects to Mr. Beckford on this occasion, the mayor, several of the corporation, &c. proceeded together to Fonthill House, where they were received at the grand entrance, and were joined in the most handsome manner by many gentlemen of the county. They were met on the lawn by Mr. Beckford, who expressed his great satisfaction at their presence. At five o'clock, a dinner, in the old stile of baronial hospitality, was served in the Grecian Hall, which, with the colonades and passages leading to it, was beautifully illuminated. The dinner, truly English, was served wholly on plate; on the side-board a piece of roast beef, the pride of Britons, placed there by the assistance of four men, shone most conspicuously. The desert was beautifully grand; punch (the British nectar) of the best ingredients, and most happily blended, flowed plentifully; three capacious bowls, containing ten gallons each, first gracing the table; and the wines were excellent: but above all, the true hospitality and polite attention shewn by Mr. Beckford to his numerous guests, made it a day to be remembered with the greatest pleasure.

A chosen band of vocal and instrumental music entertained the company during the whole evening, and the greatest good humour and hilarity prevailed beyond the earliest hours of the morning. The collection of songs, catches and glees, prepared by Mr. Corfe, (elegant printed copies of which were distributed to the whole company,) was judiciously made, and the execution of them did equal credit to his taste, and to that of the Salisbury choir. The effect of some of the choruses, particularly that of "God save the King," accompanied as they were by the organ, and the full band of military instruments, and these joined by hundreds of voices in the Hall and in the apartments contiguous, with those of persons who filled the

the colonades and ſurrounded the houſe, was inconceivably grand, and excited, in the minds of many of the company, a lively recollection of the firſt performances in Weſtminſter Abbey.

The ſubſequent toaſts and ſentiments, among many others, were given, and followed by muſic, or by repeated cheers :—

1. The King—" God ſave the King."

2. The Queen and Princeſſes.

3. The Prince of Wales.

4. The Duke of York, and the Britiſh Army.

5. The Navy of England—" Rule Britannia."

6. The Mayor of Saliſbury gave—Mr. Beckford, and may his noble benevolence be as generally known and imitated by the world, as it is cordially felt by thouſands this day at Fonthill.

7. Mr. Beckford then gave—The Mayor, Corporation, and City of Saliſbury.

8. Mr. Still gave—The County of Wilts.

9. The Archduke and his Army of Heroes.

10. The Prince of Brazil, and the Cauſe of the Allies.

11. The People of England, and may they never forget the value of order and good government.

12. Mr. Weſt—Proſperity to Fonthill and the fine Arts.

13. Mr. Wyatt—May the great works at Fonthill be ſucceſsfully accompliſhed, and long enjoyed, by their preſent owner.

14. Mr. Beckford—Chriſtmas, Twelfth Day, Old Times, and Old Names for ever; and may the ears of John Bull never be inſulted by the gipſy jargon of France.

This ſentiment was received with that burſt of applauſe, which clearly evinced that a more loyal or more happy company, were never aſſembled on any occaſion.

This noble entertainment (not to notice thoſe which commenced with Chriſtmas) was characteriſed by that good order, pictureſque arrangement, hoſpitality, and magnificence, which have, on ſeveral occaſions, been witneſſed at Fonthill.

The joy, gratitude, and contentment, expreſſed by repeated acclamations from ſuch a multitude of the peaſantry as appeared upon the lawn, their neat appearance, and, above all, their orderly conduct throughout the day, were circumſtances, in theſe times, highly to their credit, and ſerve to ſhew the vaſt influence which gentlemen of fortune and beneficent diſpoſitions, reſiding on their eſtates in the country, can ſtill maintain, in oppoſition to the effects of more modern habits and faſhionable life, which, totally eſtranging the higher from the lower ranks of ſociety, tend to increaſe the hardſhips and diſcontents of the latter, and, in their conſequences to produce that levelling and confuſion of all orders, which the higher ranks are ſo peculiarly intereſted by their beſt exertions to avert. May all who have the means uſe them, and exert their influence in keeping England an united, free, and happy country.

We cannot cloſe this account without mentioning, what we have learnt on good authority, that the Chriſtmas feſtivities of Fonthill, which appear to have been conducted with ſuch extraordinary hoſpitality, were begun by acts of the moſt ſubſtantial charity, Mr. Beckford having ordered two hundred warm blankets of the manufactory of Saliſbury, to be diſtributed among the poor families of both the Fonthills,

with

with a load of fuel to each of them, besides considerable sums of money to the indigent of his own and other neighbouring parishes.

## *SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.*

LATELY, a match for fifty guineas a side, which has been some time pending, was determined at Lyndhurst, Mr. Westlake's celebrated mare, Copper Bottom, against a chesnut gelding, named Valenciennes, the property of an officer of the Lancashire Volunteers, commanded by Lord Grey de Wilton. The odds at starting were ten to one in favour of Copper, the distance was a 4-mile heat, and she convinced her opponent that her bottom was greatly superior to that of an old campaigner.

A delicate-stomached *animal*, from Bury, in the *shape* of a man, laid a trifling water, a few evenings ago, at the Falstaff Tavern, in the Market-place, that he eat a quarter of a pound of bacon, and fifteen eggs, in five minutes; which he performed, *with ease*, in five seconds under three minutes!

A woman lately fathered three bouncing boys before a magistrate in Ireland. The children are four months old, the fruit of one birth, and are astonishingly fine boys. What is more remarkable, the mother (a widow) is in her 47th year, and, we are told, never had a child before. The father was ordered to pay half-a-crown per week for each child.

A short time since, a *crane*, a bird unknown to our climate, driven by the inclemency of weather, or some accident, was seen hovering over the house of Mr. Stevens, apothecary, at Fowey, in Cornwall. After remaining poised for some time, being suffocated, either by the smell of sulphureous coals, or of the medicines which were preparing below, it fell down the chimney, just as birds are said to drop into the lake Asphaltites. Mrs. Stevens, who was sitting by the fire side, was so convulsed by the unusual sight, that she fell into fits, and was soon delivered of a boy, absolutely marked with the figure of a crane on the left cheek. Mr. Stevens tried every method in his power to make the bird revive, but without effect. He has since transmitted it as a curiosity to the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, in London, at whose house it has a chance of being seen by naturalists and visitors of rank. This case may excite many curious enquiries. The crane differs much from our heron. Every body knows the fable of the Cranes and Pigmies, but scarce any body understands the meaning of it.

A short time ago, a most elegant masquerade ball was given by T. S. Champneys, Esq. at Orchardly House, near Frome, at which near 200 persons were present, dressed in various fancy characters, which were supported with great spirit and propriety. The supper was sumptuous, and in great plenty, and the wines excellent. The rooms were elegantly decorated with laurel and evergreens, &c. The principal characters were a dancing bear, led by his keeper, playing on the tabour and pipe; the characters of Octavian, Dicky Gossip, a puppet-showman, a charming ballad-singer, a troop of ladies with scarlet sashes, beating up for recruits,

cruits, one with a hand-organ, a ſecond with a tambourine, and a third in a black maſk, beating a drum; a mad lady, whoſe characteriſtic dreſs and unaffected manner intereſted every one for the 'fair Ophelia;' a gentleman as a nurſe, with an infant in his arms; a quaker, a methodiſt preacher, a quack doctor, town cryer, gypſies, Spaniards, Jews, old clothesmen, ſailors, flower girls, &c.—The company departed at ſix o'clock the next morning, highly delighted with the elegant hoſpitality of this convivial entertainment.

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A *juvenile* gentleman, (not a hundred miles from the extremity of Long Acre,) wiſhing, a ſhort time ſince, to acquire ſome *practical* knowledge in FARRIERY, boldly *cropped, docked*, and *nicked* his horſe on the ſame day; the *happy* effect may be as readily conceived as deſcribed; the *operator*, within eight and forty hours, loſt his horſe, but with this conſolation, that "*experience* makes *fools* wiſe;" from which ſalutary admonition there is no doubt he will derive future advantage.

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DUELLING.

Saliſbury, Jan. 5.

On Thurſday morning, the 29th ult. in conſequence of a political diſpute, between Mr. S--y--r, the younger, and Mr. S--tt-n, of this city, the preceding evening, at the Three Swans Inn, and which was carried on with the greateſt acrimony, the parties met, armed with broad ſwords, and attended by their reſpective ſeconds, at Rack Cloſe, commonly called Swain's Cloſe, near this city. Mr. J. Th--ſh--r attended as ſecond to the latter, and Mr. Rh--d--s, as ſecond to the former; when many ineffectual endeavours being made to conciliate this affair, which proved abortive, the parties began the combat. After giving and receiving ſome very conſiderable cuts, which greatly wounded both of them, Mr. S—r made a *lounge* at Mr. S——n's breaſt on a parallel with his heart, but fortunately for the latter he received it on the baſket of his ſword, which it pierced through, as well as through the back part of his ſword-hand. Trifling as the wound was, from the reſiſtance Mr. S—r's ſword met with, by ſtriking on the baſket of Mr. S——n's ſword, it was ſufficient, and the latter being in conſequence diſarmed, he was entirely at the diſpoſal of his antagoniſt; but, much to the honour of Mr. S—r's known humanity, he refuſed to take advantage of it, and generouſly ſpared his life; yet gave him this admonition—that *he ſhould be cautious for the future how he reviled thoſe who differed from him or his party, with the epithet of Jacobin.*

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A duel was lately fought in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, between a Mr. Perdue, one of the Attornies Corps, and a Mr. Stockdale, in conſequence of the latter having ſtruck the volunteer. Two ſhots were exchanged, without any injury having been ſuſtained by either party.

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ECCENTRIC GALLANTRY.

A lady, going into her chamber at Paris, ſaw diſtinctly the legs of a man under her bed. Diſſembling her terror, ſhe exclaimed, "I have forgot to call at ſuch a ſhop," and, going out of the room, locked the door, and went to ſeek an officer.

The robber, finding himſelf in this dilemma, bethought him of a ſtratagem.

ſtratagem. He *undreſſed* himſelf, and got into *bed*, when the lady returned with the *Juge de Paix.* As they approached the bed, a voice within exclaimed, "*What is the meaning of all this?*" "I want you," ſaid the juſtice. "O! I ſee the lady does not chooſe to let me ſleep any more with her," cried the thief—"I am very ſorry it is not agreeable, and I ſhall go about my buſineſs." So ſaying, he dreſſed himſelf, and marched off.

The lady vehemently proteſted againſt his being permitted to eſcape, but the magiſtrate told her it could not be otherwiſe; for, by the law, a thief is never *preſumed* to be a thief, and women are well known to be *fickle* and *inconſtant*.

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A very *gallant* highway robbery was lately committed on Wimbledon Common, upon the perſon of a young married lady. After receiving her purſe, the robber politely demanded an elegant ring which he diſcovered on her finger: this ſhe peremptorily refuſed, ſaying, "ſhe would ſooner part with her life." The *hero of the turf* rejoined, "Since you value the ring ſo much, Madam, allow me the honour of ſaluting the fair hand which wears it, and I ſhall deem it a full equivalent." The hand was inſtantly ſtretched through the chariot window, and the *kiſs* being received, the highwayman thanked her for her condeſcenſion, and inſtantly gallopped off, perfectly ſatisfied with the commutation.

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### CASUALTIES.

A ſhort time ſince, the ſon of Mr. Berrry, farmer, at Bradfield, having got at his father's gun, whilſt he was at the market, in firing it off at ſome pigeons, it burſt, by which his thumb and little finger were entirely blown off, and his hand ſo dreadfully ſhattered, that it was obliged to be cut off at the wriſt.

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A few days ago, John Ward, a boy about twelve years of age, ſon of Mr. John Ward, farmer, of Exlade-ſtreet, Oxon, having procured an old piſtol-barrel, in firing it off, it burſt, and ſhattered his lower lip in a ſhocking manner; one piece, three inches long, was blown into his mouth, which carried away ſix of his teeth. He now lies dangerouſly ill.

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At Fenwick, Ayrſhire, not long ſince, a boy about ten years of age, having inadvertently taken a loaded gun into his hand, which had been careleſsly placed within his reach, he unfortunately fired it, and ſhot his ſiſter, about four years of age, through the heart.

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A young gentleman of Chelſea, during the late ſevere weather, having been out ſhooting, got, as he imagined, his feet froſt bitten; as a mode of relief, he put his legs into warm water, the conſequence of which was, that a kind of rot immediately ſeized them, one of which he has been obliged to have cut off, and it is feared that he will not be able to preſerve the other. Indeed, his life is conſidered in danger.

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January 15, died, in the dreadful agonies of the hydrophobia, the daughter of Mr. Newcome, of Bath, about three years old, who was bitten in her upper lip on Chriſtmas-day, by a little terrier dog. Symptoms appeared about five days before her death, but the violence of the malady continued only a few hours.

# POETRY.

## THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

*A very handsome Theatre, licensed by the Mayor and Corporation, was opened a short time since in the city of Coventry, with the following*

PROLOGUE,

*Written by Mr.* WATSON, *and spoken by Mr.* BEVERLY.

IN all great states, for deeds of worth renown'd,
The muses ever kind protection found;
From polish'd Athens plaudits rent the air,
When the sweet bard of Pella flourish'd there.
Immortal Rome, in her full zenith, saw
Her sagest sons support the drama's law;
And Britain, when her brightest glories shone,
Produc'd your own sweet Avon's fav'rite son.
Europe beheld, with wonder and amaze,
Eliza rule, and Shakespeare's genius blaze.
We birds of passage, flown from Cheltenham spring,
Where in the summer months we chirp and sing;
And where (excuse the boast) we're proud to say,
Our noble patrons just applause will pay;
Pitch here, for some few weeks, and hope to find
Indulgent friends still generous and kind.
For you, we mean t'exert our utmost skill,
And failing—humbly hope you'll take the will.
Melpomene, relying on support,
Shall here, at times, assemble her high court;
In strains sublime pour virtue on the ear,
To draw, from Feeling's eye, the lovely tear;
With tender pathos each soft passion move,
And wake, by turns, your pity, grief, and love.
Her sprightly sister too—jocose and gay,
In mirth and song shall dance her hour away;
Whilst honest satire, still to humour true,
Drags vice and folly forth to public view;
And as they smart beneath the scourge of wit,
Bid laughter shake the galleries and pit.
Then shall the muse in loyalty appear,
To warm your spirits for this anxious year.
Now proud insulting France and haughty Spain,
Would wave their tatter'd flags o'er Britain's main;
Nay, even perfidious Mynheer!—at our door,
Deserts the lion, and provokes his roar;
Boldly Old England seizes spear and shield,
Arms at all points, and eager takes the field.
Shall not the muse then rouse your honest rage,
By bright examples from th' historic page,
Bid Britons view the scene with true delight,
When Spain sought safety in ignoble flight;
Her proud invasion scatter'd, and the thought
Of Cressy's field, and how Black Edward fought;
How our Fifth Harry, in the heart of France,
Made Monsieurs learn an English country dance?
Then rouse, ye Britons, Shakespeare sung the strain,
"Come, the four corners of the world," 'tis in vain,
"England shall shock 'em—naught can make us rue,
"If to ourselves we are but just and true,"
That firm reliance—foreign danger braves,
"God save the King—Britannia rules the waves."

## EPILOGUE,

*Intended for any* COMEDY *that wants one.*

I'M ſure the epilogues of preſent days
Are only ſurtouts tack'd to modern plays,
Which fit them often, juſt as nice and neat
As a new Spencer, bought in Monmouth-ſtreet.
Our's is the ſame, and if the jeſt you quaff,
The end is anſwer'd if we make you laugh;
For if you ſmile (ſince laughing is in vogue)
You'll ſay you love a pointed epilogue.
"La!" ſays Miſs Liddy to her aunt to-day,
"O take me with you *now* to JEPHSON'S play;
"I like to ſee the folk—To tell you true,
"I want a huſband—pray, my aunt, don't you?
"Miſs Giggle will be there, my pretty couſin,
"And ſhe, you know, kills lovers by the dozen:
"Then may not I, ſince gentlemen are plenty,
"Unſatisfied with *twelve*—make love to *twenty*!
"And leſt, dear aunt, the conſequence you rue,
"I'll give, indeed, the *ugly* ones—to you."

Tabby (for whom young Cupid, in a pother,
Broke one poor ſky-light, and be-dimm'd the other,)
Says, "Liddy, why, at ſixteen, you're grown wild—
"When I was thirty, I was grave, my child;
"For if a man appear'd, I knew my ſtrength,
"And kept the lawleſs monſter—at arm's length;
"Nay, once ſo ſtrongly were his vices painted,
"I ſaw *a pair of articles*—and—fainted;
"Becauſe, when bound up with a bunch of willow,
"Some villain plac'd them—underneath my pillow."

You beardleſs ſwagg'rers, whoſe trifling trade is
To feed their noſes, and inſult the ladies;
Behold they ſtrut in waiſtcoats tipp'd with furs,
With boots *unſtirrup'd*, and with *harmleſs* ſpurs:
Should the French come—our bucks with heels ſo light,
With one leg will ſpur t'other on to *flight*.
Can you, ye fair, with theſe, your time beguile,
And on ſuch crop-ſick coxcombs beam a ſmile?—
No! let the puppies take their idle courſe,
And ſave the tax—to mount a hobby-horſe;
Let them through Rotten-row on Sunday ride,
Four times a year, at half-a-crown a ſide!
With you their *bowl-diſh mop-heads* won't avail 'em,
Diſcard them *wholeſale* then—you can't *retail* 'em.
When the French land, perhaps they'll hungry be,
From travelling ſo many miles by ſea;
And, by the bye, 'ere our alarm is over,
I wiſh them duck'd, like *porpoiſes*, off Dover.—
Suppoſe them, then, t'increaſe our preſent cares,
Moor'd, in flat-bottom'd boats, off Temple-ſtairs—
The lawyers then would hear their *declaration*,
And try, by *ſpecial* pleas, to *bar* th' invaſion.
I ſee them now commence the dire attack,
In blood-red uniforms, turn'd up with black!
Poor fouls! the hungry French would make their mob ſtir,
And eat each *Quid-nunc* for a half-boil'd lobſter;
Thus glad to hold within their greedy maws,
A crabbed *digeſt* of our Engliſh laws.

With ſmiles, O! cheer a muſe's laurel now,
Nor blaſt, with icy breath, a poet's brow;
Conclude the work begun, aſſert our cauſe,
And give the ſwelling peals of loud *applauſe*!

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## LINES

*On obſerving a* SKY-LARK *very alert juſt after being fed.*

BEHOLD yon ſky-lark!—many a month has paſs'd,
Since, in a narrow cage confin'd,
He view'd his lov'd companion laſt,
And ſprung to Heaven upon the buoyant wind.
What now ſo blithely makes his matin ſong?
What now attracts his eager view?
His grate with flow'ry groundſel hung
A verdant turf ſtill wet with dew.

Aſſo-

Aſſociation re-illumes the ſcene
Of Nature in his little breaſt;
It tells him 'twas upon the ſpangled green
That love and freedom made him bleſt!
Yes! it reminds him of his widow'd mate,
Her ſpeckled plumes, her jetty eye,
His chirping brood; the ſpot where oft' elate
He roſe to tell his raptures to the ſky.

Poor bird! like thine my boſom beats,
Like thee I feel th' aſſociating power,
Wak'd by ſome object, 'mid theſe ſtill retreats,
And hurried to the diſtant hour
When ſanguine youth, and careleſs leiſure
Hand in hand delighted paſt;
And fancy drew *my* ſcene of pleaſure,
Ah fool! in tints how far too fine to laſt!

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## THE MULBERRY TREE.

### A SONG.

THE ſweet-briar grows in the merry green wood,
Where the muſk-roſe diffuſes its perfume ſo free,
But the blight often nips both the bloſſom and bud,
While the mildew flies over the mulberry tree.

In the nurſery rear'd, like the young tender vine,
Mankind of all orders and every degree,
Firſt crawl on the ground, then ſpring up like the pine,
And ſome branch and bear fruit like the mulberry tree.

To the fair tree of knowledge ſome twine like a twig,
While ſome ſappy ſprouts with its fruit diſagree,
For which we from birch now and then pluck a ſprig,
Which is not quite ſo ſweet as the mulberry tree.

The vaſt tree of life we all eagerly climb,
And impatiently pant at its high top to be;
Though nine out of ten are lopp'd off in their prime,
And they drop like dead leaves from the mulberry tree.

Some live by the leaf and ſome live by the bough,
As the ſong or the dance their vocation may be;
And ſome live and thrive, though we know no more how
Than the dew that flies over the mulberry tree.

But, like weeping willows, we hang down the head,
When poor wither'd elders we're deſtin'd to be;
And we're minded no more than mere logs when we're dead,
Or the dew that flies over the mulberry tree.

Yet, like lignum vitæ, we hearts of oak wear,
Or the cedar that keeps from the canker-worm free,
While the vine juice we drain, to diſſolve ev'ry care,
Like the dew that flies over the mulberry tree.

BRUSH.

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## ODE

### FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1797.

*Written by* J. H. PYE, *Eſq. Poet Laureat.*

O'ER the vexed boſom of the deep,
When, ruſhing wild, with frantic haſte,
The winds, with angry pinions, ſweep
The ſurface of the wat'ry waſte;
Though the firm veſſel proudly brave
The inroad of the giant wave,—
Though the bold ſeaman's dauntleſs ſoul
Views, unappall'd, the mountains roll,
Yet ſtill along the murky ſky,
Anxious, he throws th' enquiring eye,
If, haply, through the gloom that round him low'rs,
Shoots one refulgent ray, prelude of happier hours.

II.

So Albion, round her rocky coaſt,
While loud the rage of battle roars,
Derides invaſion's haughty boaſt,
Safe in her wave-encircled ſhores;
Still ſafer in her dauntleſs band,
Lords of her ſeas, and guardians of her land,
Whoſe patriotic zeal, whoſe bold empriſe,
Riſe, as the ſtorms of danger riſe;
Yet, temp'ring glory's ardent flame
With gentle mercy's milder claim,
She bends from ſcenes of blood th' averted eye,
And courts the charms of peace 'mid ſhouts of victory.

III. She

III.

She courts in vain, the ruthless foe,
Deep drench'd with blood, yet thirsting still for more,
Deaf to the shrieks of agonizing woe,
Views with rapacious eye each neighbr'ing shore;
"Mine be th' internal sway," aloud he cries,
"Where'er my sword prevails, my conq'ring banner flies."

IV.

Genius of Albion, hear!
Grasp the strong shield, and lift th' avenging spear,
By wreaths thy dauntless sons of yore
From Gallia's crest victorious tore,
By Edward's lily-blazon'd shield,
By Agincourt's high-trophied field;
By rash Iberia's naval pride,
Whelm'd by Eliza's barks beneath the stormy tide:
Call forth thy warrior race again,
Breathing, to ancient mood, the soul-inspiring strain;
"To arms, to arms, your ensigns straight display!
"Now set the battle in array;
"The oracle for war declares,
"Success depends upon our hearts and spears!
"Britons strike home, revenge your country's wrongs,
"Fight and record yourselves in Druid's songs!"

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## SONGS
### IN THE NEW COMIC OPERA OF
## THE HONEY MOON.

### Song.—Mr. Dignum.

When the roses of youth on my features were laid,
By passion's susceptible pencil pourtray'd;
When beauty ne'er darted her glances in vain,
Nor a sigh was dismiss'd without giving me pain;
When I shone in the dance, through a winter's chill noon,
And wrote verses in spring, by the light of the moon;
Cupid found me an object just fit for his wiles,
And I fell by the force of sweet Amoret's smiles.

Most fair was her face, most attractive her mien,
Nor assurance, nor pride, were by me to be seen;
She heard me repeat, with compassion I thought,
All the nonsense my love-sick infirmity taught.
So fixed were her chains, so devoted my heart,
'Twas pain, e'en to glory, from her to depart;
And when honour and victory smil'd on my arms,
I gave all the praise to my Amoret's charms.

But love, who no longer was pleas'd to perplex,
Reveal'd certain traits in the whimsical sex,
Which convinc'd me, in spite of what passion could say,
That flattery succeeded, when truth was away.
In vain I these sad apprehensions reprov'd,
They were omens too strong to be quickly remov'd;
Back to England I hasten'd, to Amoret flew,
And found a beau's widow the wife of a Jew.

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### Song.—Mr. Bannister.

"Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast,"
When instruments mingle
In eloquent jingle,
And fiddles and basses,
All fresh from their cases,
Unite in a clatter,
To chirrup and chatter,
And lull all our senses to rest.

Should you fall in a swoon,
To get out very soon,
You must have the bassoon!
Which, so mellow and clear,
Will float on the ear,
And give you immediate relief.

If speaking of love,
Like the soft turtle dove,
Your oboe aud flute
Should never be mute,
But cooe you and toot you to sleep.

Till roused by the trump
And French horns in a lump,
And the drums and trombones
All mingle their groans,
And instruments rattle,
In dreadful commotion,
Of murder and battle,
To give you a notion.

And then they dance,
And jig and prance,
In unison before us,
The books, the lights, and music-stands,
All joining in the chorus.